

The Attractive Side of Dirt.

The scientific dictum with regard to dirt is merely that it is "matter out of place." Economically considered, however, it may be said to possess beneficent qualities. "What an easy life we should have if there were no dirt!" said a lady to her washerwoman. "I shouldn't, ma'am. I should starve!" replied Bridget, and she spoke for hundreds of thousands of women the world over. It would be interesting to discover how many hours of wage-earning work which may be called cleaning—including washing, ironing, scrubbing, sweeping, dusting, polishing—are done in one day among millions upon millions of people. A single institution like a big public library will probably give 20,000 hours of work each year to charwomen alone. In cities the work goes on day and night. Apart from the sweeping and dusting in the homes, an army of women with pails and mops invade the shops and offices, where they fight against dirt from night till morning. Holland excels in this direction. There the housewives scrub not only floors and windows and steps and sidewalks, but fences and electric light poles, and one may even see a strong-armed maiden using hot soapsuds and a brush on a white tip-car. Horses and cows are cleaned in Holland with astonishing assiduity. Those who plead for cleanliness do a double service—to the wage-earners as well as to mankind at large. Fortunately for all concerned, the desire to be clean lies very deep in the noblest qualities of human nature.

An epidemic of suicide has existed for more than a year past. It has not been confined to this country alone, nor to any particular class or condition of people. Records of the all too prevalent self-destruction that has shocked society show that death is sought by rich and poor, educated and ignorant, moral and immoral, alike. Behind most of them is left a story of failure, disease, disappointment or perjury. So great has become the practice during the past few months, and so trivial the reasons advanced or discovered afterward, that the situation should engage the most serious attention of society. Unfortunately it is one of the crimes against which neither preventive nor punitive legislation can be effective. It is well enough to enact a law against self-destruction, but after the deed is committed there can be no possible recourse to law. Statutes providing punishment for attempted suicide are of little more force and effect than would be legislation on the subject whatsoever. Plainly, the remedy for the crime against self and society is not in the keeping of the blind goddess of justice.

It is unquestionably true that one of the greatest obstacles in the woman's path of industrial progress has been her own apathy. Writes Edith Abbott in the Atlantic. She is reproached by the men in her trade for her lack of ambition—her seeming willingness to remain unskilled and underpaid. But in this few movement for the franchise, we have the women who are already in the ranks of the skilled workers, and who have long since proved their capacity for organization, taking another great step forward. They have at last learned that their industrial regeneration can come only through their own efforts and the importance of this new spirit of independence, this enlarging of the working woman's sphere of activity to demand a voice in the laws that regulate her life would be difficult to over-estimate.

The daughter of a wealthy and prominent man, whose matrimonial complications have been matter of national interest, contracted what she regarded as a fake marriage to avoid, according to her own testimony, being forced by her family into marriage with a titled foreigner whom she disliked. This ambition of which she accuses her parents, of trying to sacrifice her happiness for the sake of bringing a title into the family, is one of the by-products which have resulted upon the case, but it is a punishment which the offense, if really committed, deserves. The un-American worship of titles can be excused somewhat in a silly girl, but in men and women of this republic it is unpardonable.

Artist William M. Chase, whose portrait of himself by himself is to hang in the Uffizi gallery at Florence, was done at a sitting of three hours. Verily, there's nothing like having an artist equal to his subject and a subject equal to the artist.

A woman physician in London says that the women who wear low-neck gowns or open-work stockings are much healthier than those who do not. Being a woman she ought to know—better.

WARNER GETS THE CERTIFICATE

BRADLEY WITHDRAWS FROM THE RECOUNT AND THE FIGHT IS OVER.

PENCIL INITIALS STAND.

The Supreme Court Has Nothing Before It Now and Legality of Certain Ballots Is Not Passed On.

The supreme court will not hand down any decision as to the validity or invalidity of pencil initialed ballots cast at the primaries for a Republican gubernatorial candidate. The canvassing board, having at the beginning ruled that these votes are valid, a ruling from which Bradley appealed to the court, the board will issue a certificate of nomination to Gov. Warner, stating his plurality to be 1,415. Thus Bradley loses at every turn. The clerk of the court makes the announcement that the bench will not pass on the mooted question. It is understood that the members deem the intent of the voters to have been plain, but, on the other hand, the terms of the law are virtually mandatory. The court evidently does not opine that it is necessary for it to wrestle with the problem. Warner was nominated, anyway. Bradley has called off his attorneys and abandoned further attempt to secure the nomination through recount proceedings. He issued a belligerent statement in which he reiterates his former charges that there were gross irregularities and fraud in the primary election, robbing him of the nomination, and declares that he had professed to substantiate his statement, had not the supreme court prevented its being presented to the board. Bradley says that with such evidence he felt it his duty to the party to ask for a recount and his attorneys stood ready to prove allegations, but the supreme court decision prevented the investigation of frauds adding that the court does not say ballots were legal, but simply that the board should count them as cast, and that had the board been permitted to go behind the returns irregularities and fraud would have been found to an alarming extent, and he would have received a substantial plurality.

Gov. Warner said: "The result was what must have been expected by everyone who has watched the proceedings of the recount. No fraud has been shown and what errors have been found have been on the part of the inspectors rather than the electors, and were of the same technical order no doubt that would appear at any general election if a recount was made. My efforts all along have been to see that the choice of the people as expressed at the primaries should not be overruled. Since the election I have been in many counties of the state and have been more than pleased to find the strong sentiment expressed in favor of my reelection. Wherever I have gone the people have taken it for granted that I was the nominee, and the assurances of support given have been all that I can desire."

Phelan Wants Parole. A movement is on foot to obtain a parole for Rev. John Roderick Phelan, the Cement City, Lenawee county, minister, who is doing time in Ionia prison, where he was sentenced by Judge Parkinson for a term of not less than two years for false pretenses. The sentence was passed September 6, 1906, and therefore his minimum sentence has expired. The maximum as fixed by law is five years. The judge recommended that he be imprisoned not to exceed three and a half years. Phelan tried to conduct a newspaper enterprise in Cement City in addition to filling the pulpit of the village church. His limited amount of cash to carry on the business led him to make certain financial transactions under false pretenses, and finally landed in prison. It was alleged at the time that he had also become intimate with certain women in his congregation and, fearing arrest, he fled from the town. He was later apprehended in Burlington, Wis., by Sheriff Parish. Phelan had succeeded in getting another church and was to preach the Sunday morning that Sheriff Parish slipped the handcuffs on him.

A Married School Girl. Can a married woman, 14 years old, be forced to attend school under the compulsory education laws? This question is bothering the Bay City transient officer. He had been searching for Bertha Grover, 15 years old, according to her parents, but 14 according to the school census records, in order to force her attendance at school. Her teacher reported her absent some time ago and the mother professed not to know where the girl was. Imagine the transient officer's surprise when, hearing that the girl was back, he rushed to her home and was confronted by a married woman instead of the truant girl. The girl's husband is John Black, 18 years old. The matter has been put up to the authorities as to whether an attempt will be made to force the girl to go to school despite the fact that she is a wife. It is said the question has never been decided in Michigan courts.

Eastern and Detroit men plan to erect a \$200,000 office building in Adrian. A stock company headed by Congressman J. W. Fordney will build a first class hotel on the site of the old Taylor House in Saginaw. A mortgage and trust deed for \$1,500,000 to secure a bond issue has been filed by the Flint & Saginaw Railway Co. Miss Bessie Ludeberg, of Muskegon, returning from a trip to Chicago, informed her parents that she had been married to David Gibson, a Grand Rapids railway clerk. At the same time her sister, Miss Marion, informed the family that she had been secretly married to C. A. Parmlee, of Chicago, for some time.

STATE NEWS BRIEFS.

U. of M. figures show a gain of 283 students over the same time a year ago. Land Commissioner Rose sold state lands in the upper peninsula for \$32,000. Thomas Williams, aged wife murder er, of Houghton, got from 10 to 20 years in Marquette prison. James Hoffman, aged 12, of Port Huron, vanished on an errand to the store for his mother. She believes he has drowned.

There is no Jewish place of worship in Bay City or Saginaw and Jews of the two cities plan to unite to build one in Saginaw.

Franklin P. Eddy, of Grand Rapids, pleaded guilty to embezzling \$1,500 while postoffice cashier and will be sentenced later.

A committee of nine will appear before the state military board in Lansing to urge that work be started soon on the Ionia armory.

The \$300,000 Wemona hotel, Bay City, will open October 27, and work will be started soon on the auditorium to be built in connection.

Voting machines have been declared impracticable in Battle Creek for the coming election and the Australian ballot system will be used.

John J. Hill, civil war veteran, convicted of selling liquor in his lunch room, got \$100 fine and 60 days in jail from Judge Chittenden in Cadillac.

"Here is where I end it all. Too much booze and strenuous life. Forgive me, Nellie. I love you still," read a note in a bottle on the beach at St. Joseph.

Charging persecution, Henry Glander, Grand Haven hotel proprietor, who was arrested for a liquor law violation, announces that he will close the hostelry.

Preferring damage to his machine to running down a little girl, Carl Fox, of Adrian, sent the auto into the curb. He was thrown out and slightly injured and the machine wrecked.

Pleading guilty to stealing two stamped envelopes valued at five cents, Jesse R. Letson, of Lansing, got five years from Judge West. He has been in prison three times before.

The safety belt of Noble Runyon, a lineman, broke while he was climbing a high tension pole of the new \$1,000,000 electric railway dam in Berrien Springs and he died from the fall.

One person was killed and another slightly injured in an automobile accident near Holland Sunday afternoon, while three other people miraculously escaped death. All were from Grand Rapids.

Midland authorities have asked Saginaw officials to join in an injunction suit against the St. Louis Sugar Co., of St. Louis, charging the plant dumps its refuse into the Tittabawassee river and kills the fish.

The Crosby Street Christian Reformed church, Grand Rapids, burned with a loss of \$8,000 and the parsonage was damaged to the extent of \$1,000. Members had just paid off the mortgage and installed a \$2,000 organ.

Phillip C. Hettel, a salesman, sent to Jackson for from one to five years for stealing a clock from the residence of a Lansing woman to whom he sold it, asserted drugs caused his downfall. He has a wife in Saginaw.

The Grand Trunk was fined \$100 in the U. S. district court at Bay City for failing to have a car equipped with a safety coupling as required by the interstate commerce law. This is the first fine in the state for that offense.

Ruth Grob, aged 6, of Ann Arbor, got hold of a box of strychnine pellets in her home and is near death. Her father, an Ann Arbor railroad engineer, recently died from burns from an explosion of the boiler of his engine.

Arrested on a charge of deserting his family in Watertown, N. Y., Herbert Marshall confessed to stealing \$4 from Tracy, Delisle, of Flint, by whom he was employed as a meat cutter. Delisle had recently reported the theft and suspicion fell on Marshall.

A Pere Marquette passenger train was held up by a severe hailstorm near New Boston Wednesday afternoon. The hail fell so thickly that the engineer was unable to see the track ahead and stopped his train until the storm passed. Many windows were broken by the storm.

Wandering aimlessly without hat or shoes near the Lake Shore road, Port Huron girl who was supposed to have drowned herself, was found late Tuesday. She was in an extremely nervous condition and all from exposure and was sent to the city hospital.

Burglars obtained \$90 worth of jewelry and \$20 in money from the residence of Congressman Fordney Monday night. The burglars removed the money from the glass frame in which Mr. Fordney had carefully laid it away. It was money won by him, while a member of the state militia.

A. P. Ridges, of Chicago, Saturday loaned a valuable diamond ring, an heirloom in his family for many years, to a Kalamazoo friend. When the latter came to return the gem he was unable to find it. After a dozen detectives had worked on the case for 25 hours, the man found the ring in his pocket.

So far as can be learned there has been but one desertion from homesickness at Ann Arbor university this year. The one instance was a Porto Rican, who was taking joint freshman and high school work. He departed suddenly in the night without informing anyone of his intention.

Lumile Wiley, aged 23, is under arrest in Port Huron charged with having struck Arthur Macklam a vicious blow over the head with a spade. Macklam is now in a critical condition and Wiley will be held pending the outcome of his injuries. The assault was the result of a quarrel following a friendly wrestling bout in which Wiley was worsted.

In a clash between freshmen and sophomores of the U. of M. Tuesday night Judge McHale, a freshman student from Escanaba, received a broken shoulder and Don Osborn, another freshman from Owosso, had his chin laid open.

News Notes from Lansing Interesting Happenings at the State Capital of Michigan.

Lansing.—The supreme court handed down two decisions bearing upon the recount of the votes cast at the gubernatorial primary. In the first, the action of the state board of canvassers in refusing to entertain Dr. Bradley's petition for a recount was affirmed. In the second, the court held that it has jurisdiction to determine the questions whether the initialed lead pencil or by two inspectors invalidates the ballot. No decision was reached upon the merits of the last two propositions, but it is expected that the court will hand down a final decision soon. The attorneys for Gov. Warner had contended that the court had no jurisdiction to review the action of the board in deciding to count ballots initialed in lead pencil or by two inspectors. If the supreme court holds that initialed with lead pencil or by two inspectors invalidates the ballot, the result will be excitingly close, so close, in view of the facts that have been brought to light in connection with the primary that the decision will be decidedly unsatisfactory to the electors of the state, no matter which way it goes.

Heads May Fall in Land Office. The report of the special commission appointed by Gov. Warner under authority of the legislature to investigate the handling of state lands, contains some rather startling charges. Among other things it is said that state lands have been sold far below their value. The commission sent out two land lookers to investigate matters and during the last year they have investigated the sale of about 21,000 out of the 800,000 acres which have been placed on sale during the last ten years. The commission makes the charge that speculators have frequently sold state land eight or nine months previous to the time the speculators purchased it from the state, and they intimate that there has been collusion somewhere by which these speculators were able to know they were safe in making such sales so far ahead. The price received for state lands also comes in for attention, the commission declaring that the state has lost over \$8,000,000 on the lands sold by reason of low appraisals. They report a specific instance of where a man sold land for five dollars an acre nine months and 18 days before he bought it from the state at 75 cents an acre. The commission further complains of the practice of the county officials in acting as agents for land speculators.

State Teachers to Meet. The full program of the fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' association, which is to be held in Saginaw, October 29-31, has just been issued and contains the names of some of the best educational speakers in the country. The general sessions will be addressed by Dean L. H. Bailey of Cornell university; President E. B. Bryan of Franklin, Ind.; college; Prof. W. C. Hewitt of the Oshkosh, Wis., normal; President Frank W. Gunsalus of Armour institute, Chicago, and Senator William A. DeLoach of Michigan. Michigan men who will speak at the general sessions include Superintendent W. G. Coburn, Battle Creek, president of the association; W. R. Burt, Saginaw; State Superintendent of Public Instruction L. L. Wright, President L. H. Jones, state normal college, Ypsilanti, and Dean John O. Reed of the University of Michigan. Twelve sections or special meetings have been arranged for the afternoon of October 30, when there will be no general session. These section meetings deal with college commissioners, education of the deaf, drawing, grammar school, high school, kindergarten, library, manual training, music, primary school and rural school.

Michigan May Pass Harvard. If the U. of M. does not enroll another student this coming year the total number of students to be listed in the next catalogue would be 5,510, the largest in the history of the institution. But, while the general enrollment of students was much heavier this year on account of the fine regulation, there will be quite a number enroll later in the month and the second semester will bring a large number. This makes it seem probable that Michigan's enrollment will surpass that of Harvard's, now the only university having a higher attendance mark in the United States. While the present enrollment shows an increase of 282 over a corresponding time last year the decided increase in the 1908 summer school brings the figures well beyond those of last year, 5,010.

State Wheat Yield 12,000,000 Bushels. Important information is given in the October crop report issued by the secretary of state. The final estimate of the wheat yield is given at 18 bushels to the acre, and the total crop in bushels is estimated at 12,000,000. Rye yields 5,272,000 bushels, oats 40,386,000 bushels, corn 49,165,000 bushels, potatoes 20,000,000 bushels, beans 4,301,000 bushels and buckwheat 702,000 bushels. Sugar beets will yield about nine tons to the acre, and as the acreage is estimated at 81,000 acres, the estimated yield is 729,000 tons.

\$10,000,000 Goal of Sugar Makers. The sugar beet is the sweetest this year ever grown in Michigan. Tests already made run up to 19 per cent. saccharine, while last year the percentage was under 15, and the average for ten years has been below 16. While the tonnage will be somewhat lower per acre than last year the increased acreage will hold up the crop and probably produce the biggest output of sugar ever made, aggregating upwards of 200,000,000 pounds. The goal of the sugar industry in Michigan has been the \$10,000,000 mark. This year, if the total tonnage holds up to the average, with the excessive sugar content, the product ought to break records and pass the coveted mark. Farmers this year are paid under advance contracts on the basis of \$4.50 for beets testing 12 per cent. sugar and 33 1-3 cents for each additional one per cent. The average price commonly stated is about \$5.83. With the high sugar percentage this year the farmers will receive the highest price per ton they have ever gotten. On the 19 per cent. basis it would reach \$6.83 a ton, and it is probable that the average will be well over six dollars.

Funds Tied Up; Must Borrow. The state treasury is close-hauled for funds and the indications are that from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 will have to be borrowed before the end of the year, as the tax moneys will not come in until January 15. The state balance was \$1,963,190.46, but of this amount \$394,720.17 is trust funds, \$268,793.44 belonging to the creditors of the City Savings bank of Detroit, and \$125,926.73 to the depositors of the Chelsea Savings bank, of which the state is one of the big creditors. In addition, the primary school money amounting to about \$1,250,000 will be due November 1 and under the law will have to be paid. This leaves but \$318,470.29 to run the state until January 15. It will not be sufficient to cover expenditures for a month, though there will be some receipts coming in to increase this amount. The question has arisen as to whether the state can use the trust funds, and as it will be necessary to secure up every cent possible, the attorney general will be asked to give an opinion on this point. In any event quite a large sum of money will have to be borrowed.

Business of Free Employment Bureau. Business is steadily increasing in the free employment bureau established in connection with the state labor commission, according to reports received recently at headquarters here. In September, 1,072 applications for employment were made, of which 1,029 were filled at the Detroit office. Men to the number of 849 received employment out of the 889 who applied, while 180 women out of the 183 applicants were helped to positions. There were 1,182 applications for help. 898 for men, 284 for women. Only 49 of these applications for men were not supplied, and 104 of the applications for women. That the free employment bureau has accomplished a large amount of good is shown by the fact that 28,992 out of the total 29,571 applicants for positions, have obtained them through this bureau since its establishment in June, 1905. Of this number who have obtained positions, 24,242 are men and 4,750 are women.

Releases Claim on Insurance. In the circuit court Judge West signed an order permitting W. J. Dancer, receiver for the Stockbridge bank, to turn over to the Security & Trust Company, trustee in bankruptcy for F. P. Glazier, an insurance policy for \$50,000 on the life of F. P. Glazier. Four days before the former state treasurer went into bankruptcy he deposited in the Stockbridge bank insurance policies on his life aggregating \$160,000 as collateral for loans made by the bank to him. One of the policies was for \$50,000 and had recently been issued. When the premium, amounting to over \$2,800, became due recently, a committee of the creditors recommended that it be dropped and the other policies which were older and had a surrender value, be carried, and the premium amounting to \$1,483 be paid by the receiver. An order was secured from Judge West authorizing the transaction recommended by the creditors.

Hemans Still in Game. Reports that Lawton T. Hemans had collapsed at St. Johns and was unable to fill subsequent engagements in the campaign is news to the Democratic state central committee. Mr. Hemans was here and, except for a slight hoarseness, was well and in excellent spirits.

Raises Belleaire Company's Taxes. A meeting of the state tax commission was held at Belleaire to review the assessment on the Belleaire Electric Light & Power Company's plant. The commission increased the assessment from \$29,000 to \$30,000. Last year on a commission review at Belleaire the tax of the town at \$296,435. The increased valuation was so satisfactory that the supervisors there raised the valuations to \$301,600 and thus placed them on a higher plane.

BRYAN AND TAFT MEET AT BANQUET

RIVALRY GET TOGETHER AT BIG NON-PARTISAN FEAST IN CHICAGO.

Politics is Barred Out—Republican Candidate Speaks at Waterway Convention and in Galesburg—President Will Not Take Stump.

Chicago, Oct. 8.—William H. Taft and William J. Bryan, rival candidates for the presidency of the United States, met in Chicago Wednesday evening, broke bread together and applauded each other's utterances.

The occasion of the meeting was the fourth annual banquet of the Chicago Association of Commerce at the Auditorium hotel. It was strictly a non-partisan affair, politics being absolutely barred, and was a welcome relief to the candidates, tired out by their strenuous campaigning in the middle west.

Bryan Gets a Brief Rest. Mr. Bryan arrived in Chicago at 6:30 in the morning over the Northwestern road, coming from Cedar Rapids, Ia., where he addressed a political gathering Tuesday night. His voice was husky and he was tired out from lack of sleep. After conferring with a number of his political advisers he took a few hours' sleep. Other conferences were held before Mr. Bryan went to the banquet.

Busy Time for Taft. Judge Taft didn't have time for a minute's rest, for in the morning he attended the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway convention and made an address, and at noon jumped on a train and rushed to Galesburg, where he delivered a tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Then he boarded another train and was whisked back to Chicago in time for the big feast where he met Mr. Bryan.

At Galesburg Judge Taft's speech was the feature of a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas slavery debate of 1858, the exercises being held on Fox college campus. Other speakers had preceded the candidate, including Representative Prince, Stephen A. Douglas, son of Senator Douglas; Senator Albert J. Hopkins and Representative Theodore A. Burton.

President Won't Take Stump. Washington, Oct. 8.—President Roosevelt Wednesday announced that he would make no speeches in support of the candidacy of William H. Taft for the presidency, as there was no necessity for such action. This declaration was made during a call of Senator Hemenway of Indiana, one of a series of conferences at the White House at which the general political situation was under review. Mr. Hemenway asked the president to take the stump. The president replied that he had received numerous requests to do so, but he thought it was unnecessary, and made the unequivocal statement that he would not make any speeches.

Democratic Students to Meet. New York, Oct. 8.—Roger Hoar of Harvard university, chairman of the College Men's Democratic clubs throughout the country, was at Democratic national headquarters Wednesday. He said there would be a students' convention held in this city on October 24, at which representatives from 60 colleges and universities in which Bryan and Kern clubs have been established would be present. Mr. Hoar said that this is the first time in a national campaign that any effort has been made by the Democratic party to establish an organization among college men.

Bryan is Waterway Speaker. Chicago, Oct. 9.—As William H. Taft was the star attraction at the first session of the deep waterway congress, so William J. Bryan, in his turn, became the point around which all interest centered Thursday, and the Auditorium was well filled when the Nebraskaan appeared.

Mr. Bryan's coming was the signal also for another demonstration on the part of the delegates almost identical with that given the Ohioan. The Democratic leader spoke extemporaneously. Carnegie Gives \$20,000 for Taft. New York, Oct. 10.—The fact that Andrew Carnegie has contributed \$20,000 to the campaign fund of the Republican national committee was announced Friday by State Chairman Timothy L. Woodruff. Mr. Woodruff also announced that Mrs. Russell Sage has contributed \$1,000 to the same fund.

RAYMER ACQUITTED AGAIN. Alleged Mob Leader of Springfield Freed by Jury. Springfield, Ill., Oct. 9.—After 16 hours' deliberation, the jury in the case of Abe Raymer, alleged mob leader, charged with destruction of property during the recent riots, returned a verdict of not guilty Thursday afternoon. Raymer had previously been acquitted of murder in connection with the lynching of W. K. Donnegan, an aged negro.

Nebraska Attorney Disbarred. Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 9.—Capt. Allen G. Fisher of Chadron was disbarred by the supreme court Thursday for a period of one year. Attorney General Thompson started the disbarment at the request of the Nebraska legislature. Fisher was charged with raising a claim against the state from \$1,500 to \$11,500 and presenting it to the legislature.

GOLD-SEEKERS IN WRECK

HARVARD MEN MEET DISASTER IN THE CARIBBEAN.

Hurricane Hits Treasure-Hunting Expedition and the Yacht Mayflower is a Derelict.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 8.—Not laden with treasure rescued from a long-forgotten Spanish galleon, as they had fondly hoped, but themselves cast away rescued in the nick of time from the wreck of the once gallant cup defender, the yacht Mayflower, a dozen men were landed here Wednesday by the Norwegian steamer Hildebrandt, after having passed through the terrors of the recent hurricane that swept up the coast.

Among the rescued men are: G. H. Scull of Boston, R. A. Derby of New York, S. H. Noyas of Newport, R. I., Hayden Richardson of New York, S. Boylston of Skaneateles, N. Y., and Capt. C. Harding.

The Mayflower, once the pride of the whole country as the successful defender of the "blue ribbon of the seas," the America's cup, is a derelict, tossed by the waves of the Atlantic ocean.

This is the unromantic end of a venture tinged with romance, which had for its object the locating of a Spanish vessel lost many years ago in the Caribbean sea, with much treasure aboard. Of the men rescued the first five are Harvard men and the leaders of the expedition. It would seem the very irony of fate that the vessel of which the party went in search had already been located by others and all her discoverable gold removed.

THIRTEEN PERISH IN FIRE. Big Grain Elevator Explodes and is Destroyed by Flames. Richmond, Va., Oct. 8.—With a concussion which shook the entire village, a large grain elevator, having a capacity of 500,000 bushels, exploded late Wednesday causing the death of 12 men and a woman.

The explosion blew off the entire roof of the building, scattering timbers in all directions, and almost instantly flames burst out all over the structure. Twenty-one men were employed in the building, of whom 11 are missing and undoubtedly perished. All lived in Richmond.

Mrs. John Jelliffe, who was walking with a companion along the Canadian Pacific railroad track close to the elevator, was burned to death, and an unknown woman, who was with her was burned so seriously that her life is despaired of.

H. A. GARFIELD COLLEGE HEAD. Inducted into the Office of President of Williams. Williamstown, Mass., Oct. 8.—Harry Augustus Garfield of the class of '85, son of President James A. Garfield, was inducted Wednesday into the office of president of Williams college. Seventy-five college presidents had accepted invitations to be present and the ceremony of induction was witnessed by men prominent in civil and professional life.

The state was represented by Gov. Guild, James Bryce, ambassador of Great Britain, was also present, as well as United States Senator Crane and President Garfield's three brothers, Secretary of the Interior Garfield, Irvin McDowell Garfield and Abram Garfield, all Williams men.

ACCUSED OF AN OLD MURDER. W. L. Woolley, Prominent Capitalist of Oklahoma, is Arrested. McAlester, Okla., Oct. 9.—W. L. Woolley, principal owner of the town of Stewart and a prominent Oklahoma capitalist, was taken to Stigler under arrest, charged with complicity in the murder of a man named Anderson in 1881. Woolley was sitting in a room with Anderson when the latter was killed. Woolley was arrested at this time and taken to Fort Smith, Ark., but was discharged by Gen. Wheeler, United States commissioner. Woolley is at a loss to understand the revival of the case.

Cotton Gins Warned and Closed. Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8.—Heeding notices posted on the doors of the Arkansas Valley Cotton Oil Company, at Dardanelle 12 cotton gins of the concern closed Wednesday. The warning stated that the night riders were friends of the officials, but that unless the plant was closed at once, torches would be used on the company's property.

Killed in Motor-Cycle Race. Washington, Oct. 9.—During a motor cycle race at the Copperhite track at Burke, Va., Thursday, James Connelly of Washington, one of the participants, ran into a post and received injuries which later resulted in his death at the Emergency hospital in this city. Connelly was 18 years old.

Stephen A. Douglas Dies. Chicago, Oct. 9.—Stephen Arnold Douglas, son of the famous Illinois senator and orator of the noted Lincoln-Douglas debates, died suddenly Thursday night at his residence, 34 Twenty-second street. The immediate cause of his death was heart disease.

Brown Wins in Georgia. Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 8.—Returns indicate that Joseph M. Brown has carried the state for governor by a plurality of between 60,000 and 80,000. Mr. Brown's only opponent was Yancy Carter, who ran on the Independence party ticket.

IN WRECK
 EET DISASTER
 RIBBEAN.
 ure-Hunting Ex-
 Yacht May.
 Derelict.

INSPECTOR BYRNES AND THE HANIER MURDER

By GEORGE BARTON

"Save Me" Is Cry to Detective Who Forced Awful Truth from Murderer's Lips

Dramatic Windup to Terrible Reign of Crime—New York City Wrought Up by Confession of Slayer McGloin.

(Thomas Byrnes, former superintendent of police of New York city, is world-famed as "Inspector" Byrnes, he made a reputation which won for him the compliment of being "The Best Chief of Police" that ever guarded the metropolis. He began his police career in 1863 and only quit active service a few years ago. He established the famous "dead line" in the Wall street district beyond which no crook was permitted to wander. King Humbert of Italy knighted him as Chevalier and Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy—but he declined the decoration, saying that all the honor he desired was to be a citizen of the United States. He originated the "Third Degree" by which suspected criminals were forced, under duress, to confess and convict themselves.)

ONE crisp December morning Louis Hanier, a Frenchman, the owner of a little wine shop on West Twenty-sixth street in New York city, was found dead in the hallway of his home. The bullet of a .38-caliber revolver was discovered in the man's heart.

He had been murdered. The French wine merchant had been doing a big holiday trade during the week before his death, and he had a large sum of money in his possession. An examination of the premises proved that the front door had been jimmied. Hanier had been murdered for his money.

And that may be Inspector Byrnes. Report after report had been made and the murderer of Louis Hanier threatened to slip away beneath an avalanche of red tape. Inspector Byrnes called for all the papers in Mulberry street he pondered over the case as a skilled player would study a problem in chess.

His conclusion was that the crime had been committed by a professional burglar. The first order was that every pawnshop in the limits of Manhattan Island should be visited to discover whether a .38-caliber revolver had been pledged at any time within 48 hours after the murder. Byrnes argued that while a novice might conceal the weapon a professional would cold-bloodedly attempt to realize some money out of it.

He was right. A money lender was found who had parted with several dollars in return for the murderous weapon. The next step was to bring the pawnbroker to headquarters and have him look over the thousands of portraits in the rogues' gallery for the purpose of discovering the picture of his erstwhile customer. Page after page was turned over and photograph after photograph was exhibited, and it began to look as if the quest were to be fruitless. Just at this point the pawnbroker suddenly exclaimed:

"There's the man!"

The picture he pointed out was that of Michael McGloin, a personage well known to the police. The third step in the plan was to locate McGloin. That was comparatively easy. He was found in the haunts of crime, and for many weary weeks he was shadowed. Every move he made was reported; every word he uttered was recorded. It required infinite patience, but the espionage resulted in the discovery that on the night of the murder McGloin had been out on a spree in the company of three of his pals, by name Thomas Moran, Frederick Banfield and Robert Morrissey.

The case had now reached a stage where caution was of the utmost importance. A single false move might ruin everything. It would be easy enough to arrest the men on suspicion, but would such a step serve the cause of justice? Inspector Byrnes evidently thought not, for he postponed that act. Professionals, who did not stop at murder, were adepts in the making of alibis, and the detective did not propose to be fooled by such a device.

He sent a woman to live with McGloin, and he supplied her liberally with money. Indeed, there were times when the murderer wore the clothes of the inspector. With Byrnes the end justified the means. McGloin did not confess to the woman—he was not the confessing kind. But she lived with him for over a month, and dur-

ing that time secured enough facts which, patched together, convinced Byrnes that McGloin was the person who had murdered Hanier.

By the time the people of busy New York had forgotten all about the tragedy of West Twenty-sixth street or had consigned it to the limbo of undiscovered mysteries, Byrnes, on his part, determined that the hour had arrived to strike a decisive blow. He sent his men out and arrested McGloin, Moran, Banfield and Morrissey. Each one was apprehended on some trivial charge and they were brought to headquarters and placed in separate cells. They protested vehemently, but all to no avail. Incidentally, it might be remarked, they were taken singly, and no one of them knew of the arrest of the other. Also, each one insisted that the action of the superintendent was an outrage and a violation of the constitution, which guaranteed to every man the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Byrnes smiled grimly and said nothing.

Day after day passed and the four men remained under lock and key. Some of the subordinate officials, not being aware of the plans of the inspector, wanted to know what was to be done with the prisoners. It seemed childish, to them, to hold the men indefinitely on such trifling charges. He made no explanations, offered no excuses—simply said "wait." He cared nothing about Moran, Banfield and Morrissey, but he cared a great deal about McGloin. He wanted to make him uncomfortable—and he succeeded. In the meantime, he was carefully preparing the stage for the last big act in his little drama. He would not be hurried; he would not be cajoled. He bided his time.

It came finally, and the scene was "pulled off" in a way that made the melodrama of the modern stage seem stale and unprofitable in comparison. One morning the inspector arrived at his office a little earlier than usual, and for a time there was a great bustle and hustle incident to the rearrangement of the office furniture. When it was concluded Byrnes leaned back in his revolving chair with a sigh of satisfaction. Then, after a sweeping survey of the room, he bent over and tapped a bell on his desk. A messenger responded. The inspector looked up sharply.

"Send down to the cellroom and bring Mike McGloin to me at once."

A glass case at headquarters contained the ropes and the black caps which had been used in the execution of famous murderers. The gruesome relics were all plainly labeled and were horrible enough to affect the nerve of the most hardened criminal. This case was rolled out into the center of the room so that it would be the first object to greet the eye of a visitor. Inspector Byrnes was seated with his back to a large window overlooking a courtyard. Near his desk was a vacant chair which, when occupied, gave the person sitting there a good view of the courtyard. All about the room were mirrors which enabled Byrnes to see all that transpired without moving from his chair. Presently the door opened and McGloin entered. An officer who was with him quietly withdrew. The prisoner looked about him with a surly air. He turned to the inspector.

"Whatta you want with me?"

"Oh, I just wanted to have a little chat," said Byrnes affably.

"A chat," he muttered. "What about?"

"About the Hanier murder," said Byrnes in a low voice, sending out the words, sharp and short, like pistol shots.

McGloin looked at him languidly. The shots had missed fire. The seasoned criminal was not to be stampeded.

"Whatta I know about it?" he said with the utmost unconcern.

"Oh," said the inspector, matching indifference with indifference. "I thought you might have heard something about it."

At that moment McGloin caught sight of the case filled with the black caps and the murderous ropes. Byrnes was instantly all attention.

"Quite interesting, these," he said, and thereupon he began to tell the



"I DID IT—I DID IT—STOP, FOR GOD'S SAKE!"

ghastly history connected with each of the bloody souvenirs. He dwelt upon each story lovingly as a collector would who had a fad for gathering queer prizes. Through it all McGloin preserved a stolid look. He appeared to take little interest in the recital, which, whatever else it might seem, was egregiously interesting. Byrnes realized that he had no ordinary man to deal with. McGloin was devoid of sentiment and apparently was ignorant of emotion of any kind. The inspector moved slowly and cautiously. He had his part down to perfection. He must not overdo it. He must not show signs of impatience. He sat down at his desk and nodded pleasantly and waved his hand in the direction of the vacant chair. McGloin accepted the invitation and sat down facing the courtyard.

"Now, Mr. McGloin," said the inspector in his most purring tones, "you're a man about town and you learn most of the things that are going on, won't you tell me what you know about the Hanier murder?"

"I don't know anything about it," was the dogged reply.

"The inspector arched his eyebrows in surprise.

"Don't know anything about it?" he echoed.

"No."

"You're a New Yorker?"

"Yes."

"Have you been out of the city lately?"

The prisoner darted a quick look of suspicion at his questioner. Was this a trick? He answered defiantly:

"No; I haven't been out of the city for over a year. I don't have to go out of the city."

"Of course not," said the inspector soothingly.

"You read the papers, don't you?" he resumed after a pause.

"Sometimes."

"And yet you say you never heard anything about the Hanier murder."

"Oh," grunted McGloin, "of course I read about it in the papers."

"Oh, that's better—now tell me what you thought about it."

"It was a brutal murder, wasn't it?"

"How do I know?"

"Of course you don't know—but you think it was brutal, don't you?"

"I don't think anything about it."

There was a long silence after this—a silence that began to make Mr. McGloin feel very uncomfortable. It was the very thing that Inspector Byrnes wanted. The more uncomfortable Mr. McGloin became the better

it would be for Inspector Byrnes' little drama. And at that psychological moment two other guards appeared in the courtyard with Frederick Banfield walking between them.

McGloin was out of his chair now gazing down into the yard with bulging eyes. The cold sweat stood out in little beads on his forehead.

"In fact," resumed the inspector, "we really have three men who know all about the murder and who are probably prepared to tell all they know."

The guards appeared again, this time leading Robert Morrissey.

McGloin turned to his inquisitor. The look in those steely eyes seemed to hold every detail of his awful secret. He could stand the strain no longer. He threw up his hands and fell on the floor in a heap, crying out:

"I did it! I did it! Stop! For God's sake, stop!"

Thus ended the most dramatic interview ever held in a police headquarters. What followed was merely detail. As soon as McGloin recovered his self-possession he sat down and confessed in detail the story of the murder of Louis Hanier.

It appears that the four rowdies had been "spotting" the shop of the French wine seller for many days. They believed that he would have a large sum of money in the house at the close of the holiday trade, and they deliberately conceived the plan of robbing the old man. They knew enough about their unlawful trade to get into the shop without difficulty. They had been drinking. At any rate, they made so much noise they roused Hanier from his slumbers. He appeared on the landing at the head of the stairway partly dressed. McGloin, who was at the foot of the stairs, instinctively reached for his revolver, and pulling the trigger fired at the defenseless shopkeeper. The aim was only too true. The bullet entered the heart of Louis Hanier and he rolled down the stairs a lifeless lump of clay.

This, in substance, was the confession as it was gleaned from the lips of the murderer and his confederates. His one cry to Inspector Byrnes was: "Save me! Save me! Do not let them hang me!"

But the grim detective, who had forced the truth from unwilling lips, made no reply to this hysterical appeal, and in due course of time, after a trial, McGloin was convicted and received the full penalty of the law as it was then administered.

He was hanged by the neck until dead.

(Copyright, 1904, by W. G. Chapman.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

THE NEIGHBORS.

H. FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

Where never a neighbor would say:

"Will you lend me an onion or two for my soup, and a carrot or so—right away?"

And oh, were the wilderness ever so vast.

"Twere none too extensive, I woen.

To afford a retreat when good butter we lend To the one who returns buttermine.

Where we never need—say, a half box of cakes. (It's a difficult matter to judge it), And at its return you deceitfully say: "Never mind," yet you really begrudge it.

So, it's: "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," I'd like to go thither to-morrow. Where there are no neighbors to take the last loaf. And never return what they borrow.

Russian Salad.
 Cook separately, in salted water, peas, string beans, beets and carrots. Let all stand in cold water a few moments to "set" the colors. Marinate a half-hour before serving, and toss lightly with a fork. Arrange in separate lines, forming a star in the platter, and heap the mayonnaise in the center. The use of these ingredients is not novel—it is the plan of serving them unmix'd, wherein we follow the Russian custom.

Mock Maple Syrup.
 A good substitute for maple syrup may be made of equal parts of white and brown sugar boiled with one-half the quantity of water until thick; then add vanilla when cool.

Bridget's Beatitudes.
 Blessed is the bit of rhubarb added to the canned blueberries to improve the flavor. It is a great help in pies.
 Blessed is the clean brick used as an iron-stand. It is better than metal, since the brick is almost a non-conductor, thus allowing the iron to retain the heat.
 Blessed is the dash of Roquefort cheese added to salads. If small bits be scattered through any vegetable or meat salad, it lends a tasty, appetizing savor.
 Blessed are the sandwiches which are moist, yet from which all "sloppiness" is carefully kept.
 Blessed is the cold water poured over macaroni, after it is boiled, to blanch it.

HANS' SOUR KRAUT.

I STEN, vils I dells about Mein Katrina's sour kraut. It makes me think of Vaterland. And all dem things—you understand.

Our neighbor says it "shmeils his house." But I say, das machts nicht aus.

Shust put in pepper-schon and gros; Dat cabbage shmeils shust like a rose!

A quart of it she washes first. Puts in spare ribs and wienerwurst.

Den bolts 'em up two hours—I'll bet You'd say it's good, already yet.

Serve on de plate mit kraut and meat. (Katrina's parsley makes it neat). Den vasch it down mit old Budweiser. Der meal vas over: "Hoeh der Kaiser!"

"Near-Butter."

Time was when the very name "oleomargarine" carried disgrace. It was said under breath, and a personal knowledge of it never admitted. But times have changed; the enactments against it, designed to protect the dairy and creamery interests, have lifted the veil of mystery and made it an acknowledged article of commerce. Oleomargarine is not a substitute for butter; it is not an imitation of butter; it is artificially produced butter.

There is nothing now secret about its composition or manufacture. The formula, although varied in detail by each maker, was invented by a Frenchman in 1869, in response to a demand made by Napoleon III. for a butter substitute for the army supply. The Frenchman who won the prize experimented on the theory that the butterfat in the cow's milk was absorbed from the animal tissues of the cow, and he believed that the same butterfat could be extracted directly from the beef-fat of the slaughtered animal. His experiment proved successful, but the American has improved on his crude discovery. Nearly all the raw materials of this near-butter are found in the big packing-houses; they consist mainly of oleo-oil and neutral lard. The oleo-oil is obtained from the fat of cattle.

Since the vigorous protests made in 1902 by the dairy interests, congress imposes a tax on all butterine which is colored, and as a rule the manufacturer leaves his product white. The coloring is done by the consumer or the unscrupulous dealer.

Peppermint Drops.
 These are easily made and are wholesome as a wind-up to a heavy dinner. Moisten one cup of sugar with one of water; boil five minutes. Take from the fire and add a piece of cream of tartar the size of a pea. Mix well and add one teaspoon essence (not oil), of peppermint. Beat quickly and drop on white paper.

Oliver Carter, Boston

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP.



"Hullo, there goes old Richman! I hear he's got two lovely daughters." "No, he hasn't, only one. I've got the other."

RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it is as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

Animal Food.

Doctor (upon finding his patient weaker than before)—"What does this mean? Haven't you been following my instructions?"

Patient (feebly)—"Yes, doctor."

Doctor—"Jeen eating animal food right along, have you?"

Patient (grimly trying to smile)—"Well, doctor, I tried to, but somehow it did not seem to agree with me very well. I managed to worry down the hay and the clover tops all right; but the thistles kind of stuck in my throat, and I had to give it up."

Riches Found by Accident.

Peter Terreros, a mulatto, discovered by accident the Real del Monte deposits in Hidalgo, and at the end of 12 years had won \$15,000,000, and a Spanish title of nobility; and, to give another example, two brothers named Bolados, who earned a miserable livelihood by carrying fuel, found in a crevice opened by earthquake, an enormous block of silver worth \$1,250,000.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any name of Caesar that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAS & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Tonic for constipation.

The Last Straw.

Caesar was about to enter Rome in triumph.

Just as he was climbing into his chariot Cicero yelled in his ear: "Stop lively, please!" Angriely tearing up his transfer, the great conqueror got out at the next crossing.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.



KNOWN SINCE 1846 AS RELIABLE TRADE MARK

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES, ENDOCRITIS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF \$1.00 IN CASH TO THE MANUFACTURER, HENRY'S PHARMACY, N.Y.



If afflicted with eye trouble, use Thompson's Eye Water

The Chelsea Standard.

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the Standard building, Chelsea, Michigan.

BY O. T. HOOVER.

Terms:—\$1.00 per year; six months, fifty cents; three months, twenty-five cents.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

Entered as second-class matter, March 5, 1906, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under 136 Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SIXTY-TWO of the eighty-four counties of Michigan have thus far in this year received more money from the state treasury on primary school account than the total of their taxes, and there is yet another large payment to be made from the state treasury to the counties in November. If the democratic candidate for governor wishes to gladden the people of the state rather than to criticize his political opponents he could do nothing better than to review the accomplishments of Michigan during the past ten years in the way of adding to its income, to its earnings from corporation fees, inheritance tax fees, insurance fees and license fees. Many more thousands of dollars have been added to the state earnings than have been expended, and every dollar of this increase goes directly for the benefit of the tax payers through being added to the primary school fund. The business affairs of the state of Michigan have been as well conducted as that of any business firm in our state, and the result gives to Michigan a position not equaled by any other. These are the facts that should influence the voters of Michigan at the coming election.

OWING to numerous mistakes in drafting the notice of the letting of the Mill Creek drain, which was published in the Ann Arbor News recently, it has been necessary to have the notice republished. From a reading of the second installment of this continued story it appears that it still far from correct, and that there are many instances of names on the assessment list that are so badly muddled as to indicate that the article will need to be printed indefinitely. Do the taxpayers have to pay for this extra amount, which is no inconsiderable sum, or does it come out of the pocket of the drain commissioner who made the errors?

ADDITIONAL LOCAL EVENTS.

All persons who wish to avail themselves of great bargains should attend the Maccabee fair at the town hall, Friday, October 23d. Articles of all description will be on sale. A good chance to furnish your home.

A romance that began at Ann Arbor a few years ago in the high school came to smash Monday morning before Justice Gibson, when Chase Dow caused papers to be served upon his son-in-law, Harry McCain, charging him with non-support. Suit for divorce is expected to follow. McCain was a pitcher with the Chelsea Junior Stars, the year that they won the amateur championship of Michigan.

The planet Venus has been a most conspicuous object in the eastern sky for a few weeks, between 3 a. m. and daylight. To many people Venus has appeared so suddenly that they have jumped to the conclusion that the famed Star of Bethlehem has appeared, and many inquiries have been made as to the truth of such a supposition, which it is needless to say has no foundation in fact.

Important information is given in the October crop report issued by the secretary of state. The final estimate of the wheat yield is given at 18 bushels to the acre, and the total crop in bushels is estimated at 12,000,000. Rye yields 5,272,000 bushels. Oats 40,386,000. Corn 49,165,000 bushels. Potatoes 20,000,000 bushels. Beans 4,501,000 bushels and buckwheat 702,000 bushels. Sugar beets will yield about nine tons to the acre, and as the acreage is estimated at 81,000 acres, the estimated yield is 729,000 tons.

Test on French Railroads.

Some tests have been made on the Northern railway of France to determine the economy of using one powerful engine instead of two smaller ones. The tests extended over six months' time, and covered over 12,400 miles. Both trains were of the same weight—950 tons. The cost of fuel, oil, maintenance and wages for the six months was \$761 for the one and \$1,041 for the two engines, or a saving of \$280. The first cost was \$23,280 for the single engine, and \$17,900 and \$12,220 for the two engines.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Milo Shaver spent Wednesday at Detroit.

Conrad Lehman was a Detroit visitor Tuesday.

Dr. S. G. Bush has returned from his trip east.

Albert Steinbach spent last Friday in Ann Arbor.

Miss Gertrude Storms spent Sunday in Detroit.

Miss Mary Haab was in Detroit on business Monday.

Dr. H. L. Wood, of Detroit, spent Sunday at this place.

Mrs. E. F. Chase was an Ann Arbor visitor Wednesday.

W. E. Snyder, of Mt. Clemens, spent Sunday at his home here.

Miss Vera Graham, of Detroit, spent Sunday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Freeman were Ann Arbor visitors Sunday.

Mrs. James Dodd, of Lansing, is the guest of Miss Nettie Wilkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Morton and son, of Detroit, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wood have been spending the past week in Detroit.

Misses Lilla and Cora Schmidt were Detroit visitors the first of the week.

Mrs. Laevey and daughter, Nellie, of Dexter, were Chelsea visitors Tuesday.

Misses Veronica and Eppie Breitenbach, of Jackson, visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Glades and Dorothy Trolz, of Clinton, spent Saturday with Mrs. Bert McClain.

Mrs. W. Radamacher and sons, of Detroit, are guests of her mother, Mrs. G. Barthel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward and daughter, of Marine City, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. Boehm.

Miss Minnie Steinbach, of Ann Arbor, was a guest at the home of G. Wackenhut Sunday.

Mrs. E. B. Kellogg, of Belleville, visited her mother, Mrs. Wm. Fletcher, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. K. McEldowney and daughter spent several days of the past week in Detroit.

Misses Edna and Luella Schleicher, of Ann Arbor, were guests of Miss Minnie Schumacher Sunday.

Mrs. F. J. Mellenkamp and son, of Ann Arbor, were the guests of her mother, Mrs. Townsend, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wirt S. McLaren returned to Chelsea from their wedding trip last Saturday evening.

Misses Helene and Emilie Steinbach attended the faculty concert in Ann Arbor last Thursday evening.

Miss Hannah Spring, of Battle Creek, was the guest of her cousin Miss Emilie Steinbach a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Debar and daughter, Marjorie, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday at the home of Bert McClain.

Mr. and Mrs. Romane Cushman, of Williamston, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert McClain this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes spent Sunday and Monday at the home of their daughter, Mrs. H. A. Ellis, in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Henry Meyer, Mrs. Schaffer, Mrs. Mary Nagel and Mrs. G. Nagel, of Ann Arbor, were guests of Miss Mary Haab Sunday.

Miss Alice Schauwaker, who has been spending some time with Mrs. J. H. Hollis, returned to her home in Cleveland Saturday.

Won Admission of President.

Frank B. Raynor, a life saver at one of the New York stations, can have my office in the gift of President Roosevelt that he can fill, and without bothering his head with civil service, either. He has a letter from President Roosevelt to that effect, which he would not change for the best job in Washington. He values it almost as highly as the gold medal awarded to him by congress for bravery. Raynor won his medal and the president's admiration by saving two lives from the schooner Cromwell, which was wrecked off Bellport in 1904.

Likes Bibles Bound in Colors.

Why should our Bibles always be bound in black? was a very pertinent question put by Bishop Tuttle from his field of labor in western equatorial Africa, at a meeting in connection with the Religious Tract society one hundred and ninth anniversary. The bishop viewed with satisfaction the many Bibles and prayer books of the society bound in bright red cloth instead of the hitherto invariable black, a color which is mostly associated with what is melancholy. Bishop Tuttle would no doubt appreciate the brighter and more attractive colors for his heathen converts more especially. One is reminded of this in connection with the almost extinct black gown, to which objection has been taken for the same reason, the donning of which by the person before delivering his sermon savored so much of the judge's putting on the black cap before pronouncing the death sentence, whereas the rosy message is one of peace and life.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUGAR LOAF LAKE.

W. T. Bott lost a good cow recently by choking on an apple.

E. E. Rowe and family spent Sunday at the home of James Howlett.

We predict a wet summer next year judging from the cider some are storing away.

Mrs. Sollet, of Chicago, and Edmund Bott and mother spent Sunday at Will Bott's.

Mrs. Frank Bowerman and children, of Ypsilanti, spent the first of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bush.

LYNDON CENTER.

Miss Kate Moran, who has been very ill, is much better at present.

Miss Winifred McKune spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Jackson.

The Lyndon Cheese Co. now pays \$1.25 per hundred for milk delivered at the factory.

Miss Ted Conlan visited her sister Mrs. E. McKernan in Jackson a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rowe and son, Clare, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Howlett.

Jere Scripser and daughters, Ina and Myra, are now living with and keeping house for Wm. Howell.

Mrs. Dick Clark returned last week after spending two weeks with her daughter and sister near Howell.

Mrs. M. Hankerd and son and Mrs. Thomas Stanfield visited friends in Jackson Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Howlett spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Bachman and family in Chelsea.

Miss Nellie Neary and nephew, Charles Erwin, of Jackson, spent Sunday with P. Pendergast and family.

Mrs. Ed. Gorman returned to the farm last Thursday after spending some time at the family home in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark and family attended the wedding of their son, Dr. T. I. Clark, to Miss M. E. Crowley in Jackson last Saturday.

Herbert Clark, of Chicago, who was best man at the Crowley-Clark wedding in Jackson, last Saturday, spent Sunday at his old home here, returning to Chicago Sunday.

NORTH LAKE NEWS.

George Webb and family spent an evening here this week.

E. C. Glenn and wife lost by death a little girl babe Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Webb called on Chelsea relatives last Friday.

Mrs. L. M. Wood spent Saturday with her brother and sister here.

News reached here that Mrs. Pierce, formerly Adella Glenn, is very low.

R. W. Webb, wife and son start for Elmsdale, N. D., next Monday morning.

Mrs. Teachout, of Lansing, is spending some time at her old home in Unadilla.

Mrs. John Webb and Mrs. C. Teachout, of Lansing, visited cousins here Sunday.

A large force of men is at work making the new road on the town line at North Lake.

Cutting bee trees around here is being done evenings now, with fair returns in most cases.

R. W. Webb has bought of Burkhardt and Co. a large amount of apples to ship to Dakota.

A number from Unadilla attended the fair at Fowlerville last week. They report a good fair.

There were no services at the church Sunday evening. Many from here went to Four Mile Lake.

The band meets twice weekly and are coming to the front fast now. New uniforms will come soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Marshall of Unadilla spent the evening here Monday visiting cousins from Dakota.

It must be the Conference thinks we are good enough to go it alone as they have left us without a minister so far.

Many a porker is made to squeal among the farmers. Meat prices are away out of sight driving many to the pig pen.

Many early potatoes were hurt by the blight and the late ones by the long continued drought about here. There are scarcely enough for home use in many cases.

Geo. Reade's family, except himself, have moved to Dexter to allow the younger children to attend school. He clings to the old homestead, and has no desire to hold down a dry goods box.

LIMA CENTER NEWS.

Arl Guerin was in Ann Arbor, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stocking were in Ann Arbor Monday.

Charles Hawley, of Michigan Center, was a Lima visitor Sunday.

Thirty-six couples attended the dance at the town hall Friday night.

Mrs. Henry Wilson and daughter, Helen, were in Ann Arbor Saturday.

Mrs. Maroney and daughter, Mabel from Chicago, are visiting Mrs. Fannie Freer.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hungerer and children, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday here.

Miss Helen Wilson, of Milan, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents here.

Mrs. Fannie Ward and son, Clayton, spent Saturday and Sunday in Sylvan with Mrs. Emily Boynton.

Mr. and Mrs. James McLaren and daughter, of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur McLaren.

SHARON NEWS.

Ashley Parks is building a new corn house.

Prof. Fred Keeler, of Lansing, spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Cooper visited in Manchester Sunday.

John Breustle and wife attended the mission festival in Manchester last Sunday.

Mrs. L. D. Loomis, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. is spending some time at the home of L. B. Lawrence.

Miss Clara Reno spent Wednesday and Thursday at the home of H. W. Hayes and family, of Sylvan.

Homer Lehman, who has been suffering with a bad knee the past week, is reported as being better.

Rev. George Kohler and wife, of Manchester were guests at the home of John Heischwerdt last Thursday.

Frank Fielder and family have moved from John Klumpp's house, into the residence on Henry O'Neil's farm.

SYLVAN HAPPENINGS.

Arthur Chapman has been on the sick list.

Mrs. German, of Clio, is spending some time at the home of Mrs. Darwin Boyd.

Mrs. Orrin Fisk, who has been seriously ill for the past week, is slowly improving.

Romeyn Chase had a stroke of paralysis last week. He is some better at this writing.

Frank VanConant and family are moving to the home of Mrs. VanConant's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Knoll.

Mrs. Henry Jacob and Mrs. M. Negus, of Norvell, have been the guests of Mrs. Henry Bertke for the past four days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knickerbocker and daughters, of Norvell, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman Sunday.

There will be a box social at the Sylvan Center school house, Friday evening, October 16th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mesdames H. H. Boyd, Mary Boyd, Darwin Boyd and Mrs. German, of Clio, are attending the sessions of the grand chapter of the O. E. S. in Jackson.

Mrs. Darwin Boyd, who recently purchased of Mrs. H. H. Boyd the Ludlow property, is having the house remodeled and painted. A. E. Johnson is doing the work.

Notice to Hunters.

No hunting, trapping or trespassing for the purpose of hunting or trapping will be allowed on our farms.

GEO. T. ENGLISH.
ALMA PIERCE.
MARY PIERCE.
HERMAN FLETCHER.
HERMAN PIERCE.
ASHLEY HOLDEN.
F. H. SWETLAND.

Put Away Idea of Failure.

Learn to speak the language of success. Think success. Never talk failure, because failure is nothing—simply the absence of success. The more you know about the world and its people the bigger you will be because unconsciously you will assume the dimensions of that of which you are a part.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Doan's Regulets. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

CASH MEAT MARKET

Our leader is fine, fat, juicy roasts of beef—grain fine as silk and tender. Then there are our superb steaks, chops, poultry, pork and sausage. We choose nothing but prime stock for our patrons and send it home prepared appetizingly and ready to be put right in the oven.

Try our Hams and Bacon.

SPECIAL PRICE ON LARD in 25 and 50 pound cans. Give us a trial. Phone 59 Free Delivery.

VAN RIPER & CHANDLER.

Women's and Girls' Apparel



5136



349



New Suits for Women and Misses just placed on sale at\$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00
New Coats for Children, 1 to 6 years, at\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50
New Bonnets for Babies and Children at25c to \$4.00
New Skirts for Misses and Women—\$10.00 values at \$7.50 and \$8.00; \$15 Voille Skirts, \$10 and \$12.50
All the newest styles in Skirts—Directorie, Sheath, Modified Sheath, Fancy Flared, Plain Flared, some Satin Trimmed, some Plain—\$5 to \$20. Ask to see them.

Sample Blanket Sale

We have just received Three Sample lines of Bed Blankets. No two pairs alike, from Marshall Field & Co. at a good discount from wholesale. These are nearly all slightly soiled, some are quite badly soiled but we got them all at our offer. These we now place on sale at Wholesale prices. If you can use any Bed Blankets we advise you to get some of these before they are Closed out. There are all kinds in this lot from the 65c kind to the \$8.00 Woolen kind.
Sample Cotton Blankets on first floor Sample Woolen Blankets on second floor.

H. S. HOLMES MERCANTILE COMPANY

Freeman & Cummings Co.

Veterinary Remedies.

WE OFFER:

- Large pails International Stock Food \$2.50
- Dr. Holhand's Medicated Stock Salt, pail, \$1.25
- Pratt's Poultry Food, 5 pound package, 60c
- Pratt's Poultry Food, 26 oz. package, 25c
- Pratt's Stock Food, large package, 50c
- Pratt's Animal Regulator, package, 50c
- Pratt's Cow Tonic, package, 50c
- Pratt's Worm Powders, packages, 50c
- Fleck's Worm Powders, package, 50c
- Fleck's Heave Powders, package, 50c
- Fleck's Stock Food, large package, 50c
- Zenoleum, the remedy of great utility, gallon cans, \$1.25
- German Blemish Eradicator Cures, price, \$1.50
- Pratt's Peerless Hoof Ointment, large box, 50c
- Pratt's Veterinary Colic Cure, 50c
- Best Ground Flax Seed, 4 pounds for 25c
- Best Ground Oil Cake, 12 1/2 pounds for 25c
- Glauber Salts, 10 pounds for 25c
- Sulphur, 8 pounds for 25c
- Tobacco Dist., 6 pounds for 25c
- Saltpetre, pound 15c
- Best Spirits Niter, pint 60c
- Best Witch Hazel, pint 20c

Freeman & Cummings Co.

Republican Rally

HON. P. T. COLGROVE,

Of Hastings, Michigan,

Will address the People of Chelsea and Vicinity on the issues of the day

Saturday, October 17, 1908

At 7:30 P. M. at the Town Hall.

Republican County Candidates will be present

Music by Chelsea Band and Republican Quartette

The Ladies are Especially Invited

NEW Fall Millinery

Your Inspection Solicited.

MILLER SISTERS.

JNO. FARRELL.

The only real happy Children in Chelsea are fed on Groceries from Farrell's Pure Food Store. A word to the wise is sufficient.

JNO. FARRELL.

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES



IF YOU LIKE THIS
STYLE OF SUIT

on other men, why not try it yourself? It's rich, dressy, comfortable, and made on honest principals.

Prices, \$12 to \$30 the Suit.

Call and Examine the new Fall and Winter Style of our Clothing.

DANGER BROTHERS.

City Meat Market

CHOICE CUTS of meat are to be found in our ice boxes—the kind, quality and in the condition desired by all of our patrons. Tender meats daily, and no other kind is permitted to be sold over our counter or enter our market. We take pride in cutting meat to please our customers. You are not compelled to take what you do not want. A full stock of Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon and Sausages of all kinds always on hand. Give us a trial.

FREE DELIVERY. Phone 61. J. G. ADRIEN.

Fall and Winter Showing
OF
Foreign and Domestic Woolens

All Woolens of exceptional quality and style, all in suitable quantity to judge style and weave. No Sample Book or Cards.

300 Different Styles

Of Suits, Trousers, Fancy Vesting, Top Coats and Overcoats. Our assortment of odd trousers ranging from \$4.00 to \$8.00 is the largest ever shown in any city compared to ours. We are also showing a fine line of Woolens suitable for

Ladies' Tailor Made-to-Order Skirts.

For the next 30 days we shall endeavor to make such prices as to warrant steady employment for our large staff of workers, and to make our clothing manufacturing business the largest in this section of the country.

Yours for Good Clothing and Home Industry.

RAFTREY, The Tailor.

Central Meat Market.

We Carry a Complete Stock of
Fresh and Salt Meats and all Kinds Sausage

We buy only the best, therefore our customers get the best.
Smoked Hams at Bacon, Pure Lard, Fish and Dressed Poultry
Courteous treatment, Free delivery. Phone 40.

ADAM EPPLER

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. E. Stimson entertained the Birthday Club Friday afternoon.

LaRue Shaver went to Detroit Wednesday where he has entered a school.

Miss Wilhelmina Kerriniss entertained the Cytmore Club Friday evening.

L. T. Wilcox has rented Miss Kathryn Hooker's residence on east Middle street.

Lewis Yager, sr., is making arrangements to stock a lake on his farm with large lake frogs.

The Mormon elders who were here Saturday and Sunday, failed to draw very large audiences.

There will be a football game in Chelsea Saturday afternoon between Dexter and Chelsea high schools.

Captain E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti, will address a republican meeting at the Sharon town hall, Saturday evening.

A number from here were in Ann Arbor, Friday evening, witnessing the Sophomore-Freshman rush, a highly edifying spectacle.

There will be a regular review of Chelsea Tent, K. O. T. M., Friday evening of this week. Deputy Youngs will be present. Lunch.

Mrs. R. B. Waltrous has returned home from Ann Arbor where she has been spending several weeks in a hospital. She is much improved in health.

Messrs. A. W. Wilkinson and H. L. Stanton were in Detroit Tuesday attending a meeting of the board of directors of the Chelsea Stove & Manufacturing Company.

Hummel Bros. is the name of a new firm in Chelsea. They will deal in flour, feed and seeds, farming implements and cream separators. They have leased the Alber building.

The reception to Rev. D. H. Glass and family at the M. E. church last Thursday, was attended by a large number of their friends, all of whom were pleased to welcome them on their return to this charge for another year.

Mrs. Henry Aichlie went to Chelsea last Saturday to visit her son Fred and wife. It is the first time she has been away from home in years having been detained on account of numerous cares. —Manchester Enterprise.

A horse belonging to Charles Downer and driven by his son, Eddie, ran away last Thursday afternoon and threw him out of the buggy. He struck a tree with considerable force, and was quite severely bruised, but is getting along nicely now.

Wm. Denman exhibited to the Standard a warrant issued to Elkanah P. Downer, as sergeant of a company in the eleventh regiment of the militia of New York. The warrant was issued on the 15th day of May, 1833, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

The Standard requests its subscribers to telephone to the Standard office whenever they have visitors or when they are visiting out of town. Please do this each week. The Standard reporter cannot make visits all over town every week. Use the telephone. Most everybody has one and that's what the Standard office has No. 50 for.

Wm. Wheeler, jr., is taking an enforced vacation from his work at Hirth & Wheeler's blacksmith shop. Saturday he was working with a large pair of caulk-cutting shears, and in pulling down the lever his hand struck a drill that was standing near in such a manner as to drive it into his hand. The blow was so hard as to cause the drill to be bent when it struck a bone. The wound is a painful one.

In the case of W. W. Wedemeyer, receiver of the Chelsea Savings Bank, vs. Wm. J. Knapp et al., a notice has been filed with the county clerk that Vera G. Glazier, Harold P. Glazier, Emily J. Glazier and Henrietta M. Glazier appear as defendants in the above case and demand a copy of the bill of complaint therein. This is a suit wherein W. W. Wedemeyer is suing the stockholders of the bank to pay up the amount of their stock under the law.

Another chapter in the Chelsea school board case was opened Wednesday morning, when Wm. J. Knapp, George W. Palmer and Frank P. Glazier, claiming to be of right directors of the Chelsea school district, filed with the county clerk an information calling upon Jabez Bacon, Edward Vogel and Henry W. Schmidt, "by what warrant they claim to hold, use, exercise and enjoy the said office of trustees of said school district?" The information goes into a full history of the case to date, including the acts of Messrs. Bacon, Vogel and Schmidt, in taking alleged official part in transacting the business affairs of the district. —Ann Arbor News.

John Killmer is seriously ill.

Staffan & Alber are getting their bowling alley ready for business.

Richard Kannowski is now employed at the H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.'s store.

The Ladies' Research Club will meet with Mrs. O. T. Hoover next Monday evening.

The sugar beet growers here are busy at work pulling, topping and shipping their crop

The new block signal system on the Michigan Central went into operation Tuesday of this week.

A. G. Faist is getting out material for one hundred buggy bodies which he expects to use for next season's trade.

Fair Ellen, Tommy McNamara's pacer, won the 2:19 pace at the Fowlerville fair last week. The fastest heat was in 2:18.

A. E. Winans has taken his son Elmer as a partner in his business, and the firm will be known hereafter as A. E. Winans & Son.

A large number of the ladies of the Eastern Star were in Jackson Wednesday and Thursday attending the grand chapter of that order.

The E. Y. P. U. will hold another bake sale Saturday, October 17. They will have for sale, pumpkin pies, friedcakes, bread, beans and cakes.

Mrs. L. H. Hulbert, of Sharon, has sold her 318-acre farm to John Herman, of Ohio, for the sum of \$14,000, and will give possession next spring.

Emory Chipman brought to the Standard office this week a well preserved copy of the Detroit Tribune containing the announcement of the assassination of President Lincoln.

While gathering apples Wednesday afternoon, W. H. Glenn, the Standard's North Lake reporter, fell from a tree breaking the bones of his left shoulder. He is in quite a serious condition.

Misses Cora Feldkamp, Margaret Eppler and Bertha Laubengayer entertained their Sunday school classes at an auction sale last Saturday afternoon after which a fine lunch was served.

The Standard received an invitation to attend the formal opening of the new building of the Detroit Journal, which was held Wednesday afternoon. The Journal was twenty-five years old at this time and deserves the fine home and the success that is its portion.

The B. Y. P. U. held a business meeting last night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kellogg. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Beulah Turner; vice president, Minnie Killmer; treasurer, Jessie Brown; secretary, Julia Kellogg; organist, Beulah Turner; chorister, Julia Kellogg.

The Lima and Vicinity Farmers' Club will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Easton, Saturday, October 24th. At this meeting the members of the club will assist the president and secretary in celebrating the 25th anniversary of their marriage. A program of music, reading, recitations, and a question box will be rendered.

The Republicans of Chelsea and vicinity will hold a rally at the town hall Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Hon. Philip T. Colgrove, of Hastings, an eloquent speaker, will be present and deliver an address on the issues of the day. The Chelsea band and the Republican quartette will furnish music. Everyone is invited to be present.

The Maccoebes are meeting with great success procuring articles for sale at the fair, Friday, October 23d. All are invited to attend. A good supper will be served from 5 o'clock p. m. until all are served, after which the floor will be cleared and all those wishing will have a chance to trip the light fantastic toe. Good music will be procured.

There were about seventy-five men present at the banquet at the M. E. church Wednesday evening, given by the men's class. The tables were placed in the league room, and presented a very pretty appearance as the guests were ushered to their places. Rev. D. H. Glass acted as toastmaster and introduced the various speakers in a most pleasing manner. The program as carried out was an interesting one.

The marriage of Miss Edna Ware to Chauncey Staffan took place this morning at 7:30 o'clock at the St. Thomas church, Rev. E. D. Kelly officiating. The bride and groom were accompanied by Miss Anna Clinton and Chas. L. Miller. The bride wore a suit of grey, with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Staffan have taken the Huntley house on North Fourth avenue, where they will be at home to their friends. Mr. Staffan is the W. Huron street cigar manufacturer and Miss Ware for several years has been the long-distance operator for the Washtenaw Home Telephone Co., resigning last Saturday. —Ann Arbor News. Mr. Staffan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Staffan of this place.

LADIES' SKIRT SALE!

We have just received new from the manufacturer

150 LADIES' SKIRTS

and are placing them on sale at prices very much below real value. These are high class garments,

Strictly up to the Minute in Style,

made from this seasons most fashionable materials, all colors.

Any one of these Skirts can not be duplicated anywhere at our sale price.



Fine all wool Skirts at \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

Fine quality all wool Panama and Chiffon Panama Skirts, colors, black, blue and brown at \$3.75 to \$4.75.

Fine quality Chiffon Voile Skirts at \$4.75.

Finest quality Imported Voile Skirts, beautifully trimmed at \$7.00. Will cost \$10.00 to \$12.00 elsewhere.

Visit our Basement Bazaar for Genuine Bargains

W.P. SCHENK & COMPANY



That First
One Hundred

Looks big if you haven't started on the road of the savings depositor. It is not so large to the man who saves. Each deposit makes the next dollar easier. Each one hundred saved makes the next hundred less difficult to acquire. Make that first one hundred dollars one day smaller by starting an account with us TODAY.

The Kempf Commercial
& Savings Bank

H. S. HOLMES, Pres.
C. H. KEMPF, Vice Pres.
GEO. A. BEGOLS, Cashier.
JOHN L. FLETCHER, Asst. Cashier

FLEMING & CO.
PRODUCE

Hay, Grain, Poultry and Eggs.
112 west Middle st., Chelsea.

Miss Helene Steinbach

TEACHER OF
Piano and Organ.

EMILIE M. STEINBACH

TEACHER OF
Singing and Voice Culture

Music Studio:
Second Floor, Steinbach Block.

Chelsea Greenhouses

Cut Flowers,
Potted Plants,
Funeral Designs.

ELVIRA CLARK,
Phone 103-2-1, 1-8. Florist

CHELSEA ELEVATOR CO.

F. E. Storms & Co. and A. B. Clark

Have united their business interests and the new firm will be known as the

CHELSEA ELEVATOR CO.

Both Lines of Business Will Be Continued.

The Brick Warehouse will be equipped with bins and elevators for handling grain to the best advantage, for both farmers and operators. We will be in the market for all kinds of Grain Poultry, Fruit and Wool in season.

THANKING YOU

for the trade we have already received, we solicit as much of your business as can be turned to us, which will be appreciated.

Respectfully Yours,

CHELSEA ELEVATOR CO.

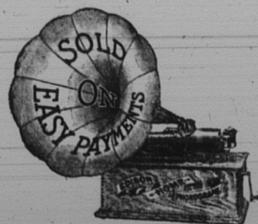
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
Rings, Charms and Jewelry of all kinds.

We have a large assortment of Gold Bowled Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Every pair warranted to give satisfaction.

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

A. E. WINANS, Jeweler.

Edison Phonographs



I have removed my stock of Phonographs and Records to my old place of business in the basement under the Miller Sisters' Millinery Store. Will be open afternoon and evening. Come and see me before going elsewhere to purchase.

C. L. BRYAN.

Try our Job Department for your Printing.

Neck Adornment



SHEER blouses and sheath gowns have been jokingly called "back to nature" garments, but perhaps there is some truth in the name. Surely there is a trend toward unadorned simplicity. We have the tight-fitting gown, the one-piece dress, the sandal fad, the old-fashioned sun hat and now the comfortable, cool and artistic Byron collar.

The "Gibson" collar, with its artificial height, is still with us. It is plainly fitted, and the bones under the ears serve to preserve the unbroken line of the neck and shoulder. One of the beauties of low neck is that it reveals the curve from the ear to the top of the shoulder, and when a high collar is properly fitted and properly boned the curve is easily discovered. The ruche around the top merely serves to soften the line of the face. It does not in any way break the beautiful line, though it would wear the collar a little lower.

The collars of handkerchief linen and bits of precious lace are also used only for informal occasions; with them it is allowable to wear a little bow made of lace or fine linen.

Handkerchiefs make charming collars and bows of this type, particularly when combined with baby Irish or real valenciennes edging.

Hand embroidery, too, turns a plain linen collar into a thing of beauty, and many of the prettiest are decorated with English eyelet work. With these one may wear a little linen bow, also embroidered in eyelet.

One beauty of the low collar is that it is the most becoming style of neck wear for the younger girl, the maiden who is just at the awkward age. For her the high collar is inappropriate, and the band at the top of the dress is not a very attractive finish. She may, therefore, appropriately wear a broad low collar, whether it be of plain linen or embroidery.

What a charming school dress may be made of blue serge—waist and skirt quite plain, the neck finished only with a plain stiff linen Eton collar and black four-in-hand tie! It is girlish, attractive and serviceable.

It seems odd that in one season there should be such a difference of style. It seems odd that the very low collars are really the fashion. The half-way, medium height collar has no place at all in the present scheme of things. But, after all, the high collar suits the woman with the long neck, the low one suits her with the short neck, while the average woman may wear either that appeals to her fancy. As usual, Dame Fashion seems to have a reason.

BODICE FOR VOILE DRESS.



Here is a pretty bodice suitable to be copied in voile or any thin material. It is made on a tight-fitting lining of saten, which is fastened at the back, the trimming of fillet gulf, ure of the color of the material is bound each side with silk; a strip of finely twisted silk is carried from the waist back and front over the shoulders. The puffed sleeves are gathered into a band of silk-bound gulfure.

Materials required: 2 yards 46 inches wide, 1 yard silk, 3/4 yards trimming, 1 1/2 yards saten.

The Lamp Shade Hat.

A new hat which has just arrived from Paris is called the lamp shade. It is immense. It has a huge brim that slopes down over the head at almost the angle of a lamp shade.

At the top of the crown is an immense frill of lace or plaited tulle.

The other new hat to make its appearance is called the Botticelli. It is not necessary to explain where this got its name. The only question is, will it be a success?

Fancy Broadcloths.

Chiffon broadcloth appears in all the new colorings and of a lightness and softness even surpassing that achieved by the manufacturers last year. Fancy broadcloths in one-tone colorings and woven satin or chevron stripes are numerous.—American Register, London.

SERGE FOR SCHOOL FROCKS.

Is Rapidly Superseding All Other Materials in Popularity.

It looks as though serges would take the place of almost all other materials for those dressy little frocks that children wear to school. The patterns are good, too, being in jumper styles, with outlines made with piping, and the underwaist of a soft material in like color with the sleeves trimmed with anchors or pretty emblems suitable for such purposes. One dark blue serge dress was made plain with a plaited skirt, each plait about two inches wide at the waist line, gradually broadening at the hem. The jumper waist was also plaited in similar style and made with wide armholes, outlined with a narrow band of woolen braid in a brick-red tone. The V-shaped yoke was fashioned in the same manner. If weaver, the yoke had a heading about 2 1/2 inches wide, cut the shape of the yoke and outlined on each side with braid; the dress fastened with small brick-red buttons.

Hand Embroidery on Blouse.

Hand embroidery is not positively necessary as a means of introducing color in a blouse, although a little hand-work of this sort is very desirable. Very fine and dainty embroideries of batiste, with embroidered vines or dot patterns in color, are to be had, and can be introduced as trimming in combination with a little valenciennes or cluny-lace in a blouse of sheer white fabric. White mull frills, shal-loned in color, are also good in the finer machine-made embroideries.

Plaited Tulle.

For mid-season wear, and later on for theater and restaurant wear, is the huge toque of plaited tulle.

Large as it is, it is only half as large as the great sailor hat. It has a mob crown, which is rather low, as mob crowns go, and has a tiny brim laid in small box plaits, the crown wrapped about with black or colored satin.

For other trimming there is added a single black gauze rose, with a center of gilt beads or rhinestones.

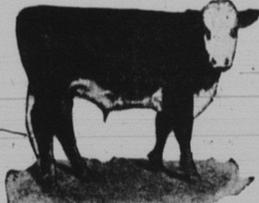
Handkerchief Picture Frame.

A neat little frame for a picture is made with a handkerchief. It is first stiffly laundered. All points are directed toward the center and ironed. The four points are then turned back, just reaching the edge. They are pressed and held in place with baby-rhomb-rosettes. This leaves a small square for the picture. Hang it diamond shape on the wall.

MAKE BEEF RAISING PAY YOU A PROFIT

Factors Which Influence the Value and Cost of Feeders—By J. H. Skinner

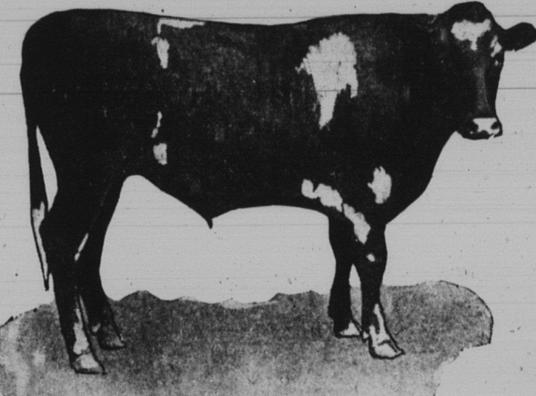
The production of cattle which will return a profit both to the producer and the feeder, is a problem which deserves careful attention. It is easily possible to buy cattle which have been produced at a loss and fatten them at a profit, but the aim of the most thoughtful and intelligent men engaged in the beef cattle business is to encourage the production of a grade of cattle which will return a profit when sold as feeders without diminishing the profits in finishing them. In producing such cattle the particular system to be followed should be determined by the size, location and adaptability of the farm. One farm may be especially adapted



High grade Hereford. "Quality" in a feeder is synonymous with capacity. This type can be fed at any age and it pays to make them prime. Fed as a yearling at the station. Daily gain for six months 2.63 pounds.

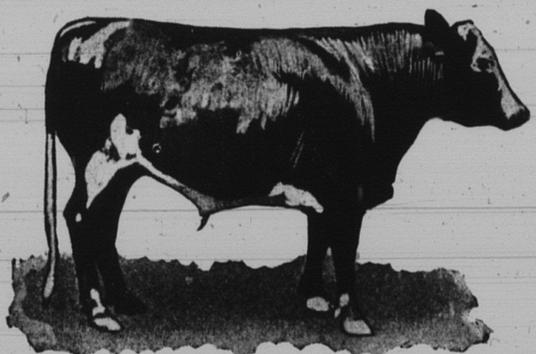
for the production of feeders, another for the production of yearling beef and still another only for finishing cattle.

It is of vital importance to the producer to be able to appreciate the factors which influence the value of feed-



Steer sired by grade bull, after having been fed for six months. Daily gain, 1.54 lbs.

ers in order to make the maximum profit from the business. It is essential that he recognize good and bad features in order to select, breed and produce what is wanted by the feeder. It is of importance to the feeder to have a knowledge of what determines the market price and value of different grades of feeders in order that he may buy the kind of cattle which are relatively the cheapest at the time of purchase. The chief aim in producing or in feeding beef cattle is to turn large quantities



Steer sired by pure bred bull, after being fed six months. Daily gain, 3.08 lbs. Notice how much greater the improvement is on the high grade steer while in the feed lot.

of grain and roughage into a more profitable product, to maintain soil fertility and to increase the yield of crops from year to year. The successful beef cattle producer or feeder must of necessity be a good farmer and, in addition, have the business ability and the knowledge of breeding, feeding and management of livestock, to derive two profits, one from growing farm products, the other from feeding them on the farm. Regardless of the system followed, whether it be the production of feeders or finishing cattle, a knowledge of the factors which control the cost-of-feeders is of vital importance.

These factors may be arranged into two distinct groups; one inherent in the individual, which causes one grade of cattle to bring a higher price per hundred weight than another; the other, depending on financial or industrial or market conditions and influencing all grades. The group of factors which influences the prices of various grades of cattle is as follows: 1. Type or conformity; 2. Quality, and

breeding; 3. Age; 4. Condition; 5. Weight.

A typical beef steer is blocky and compact; has a short, deep body, short, thick neck, short straight legs, straight back and underline, an abundance of width from one end to the other, plenty of scale and a "feeder's head and eye." The skilled feeder buyer pays much more attention to the head than the inexperienced buyer would deem necessary, especially with stock cattle, which are not filled out sufficiently to judge as to their future development and probable form when finished. He will also realize at first glance whether or not the eye is one that indicates a quiet and contented disposition.

The head should be broad, short, with full forehead, strong jaw, "large mouth and nostrils, and free from either coarseness or delicacy. If such a head is found on a steer in feeder condition, it is usually a guarantee that he will make good use of feed and develop into a thick, blocky individual when finished. A thick, short neck is desirable, not because of its intrinsic value but because it usually indicates a thick carcass.

A short, straight back indicates strong muscular development and a tendency to mature early. Other things being equal, the steer with the broadest and thickest back will be the most valuable as the highest priced cuts of meat are taken from the back and loin.

Capacity for feed is essential in a feeder as the body must be maintained and provided with heat and energy before any of the food is stored in the form of fat.

Short, straight legs, together with a short, deep, broad body, are asso-

When the Tide Turned

By George Harvey

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

The following story is true in all its details, real names alone being omitted for obvious reasons.

Henry Bradford left his Old Colony home on a bright summer day to seek his fortune in New York.

He had the best wishes of everybody, for he was a decent boy, and all who knew him liked his many ways. But he found the metropolis a tough proposition. The fierce, pushing, fight-for-life workseekers jostled and crowded him beyond all his previous conceptions, and he, not having the faculty of retreating in kind, found himself pushed to the wall.

He got employment, it is true, but he could not hold it for any length of time, owing largely to his lack of knowledge of urban conditions, and also to much bad luck.

So, after four years' struggle, he gave it up and acknowledged himself beaten. The struggle had been continuous and altogether one-sided, and as he sat upon the stringpiece of an East river pier, it was borne in upon him that he had made as good a fight as he knew how. And lost!

And now, when Failure had completely enveloped him in her somber cloak, he felt there was nothing else to do but to return to the old town. There, at least, he could live, and he among those who knew him and would sympathize with him. Of the two dollars which he possessed, one dollar would pay his fare to Providence, and it would be a small matter for him to walk the intervening miles to his old home.

This plan he carried into effect, and the evening of an early October day found him in Plymouth, which adjoined his home town. He was tired, footsore and discouraged. Plymouth always held a fascination for him, and he betook himself to the burial hill and there, on a lonely bench, he looked down upon the lights of Market square, to the riding-lights of a few craft lying at anchor in the harbor, and further, to that great light on the Gurnet whose effulgent rays guided and warned local and coast-wise mariners. Long he sat and brooded. One by one the lights were extinguished, and as the town went to sleep he felt the necessity of doing likewise. He stumbled down the narrow path to Market square, across the main street and, as though drawn by some magnet, to the water's edge. There the gray canopy with its iron gate, which shields Plymouth Rock from the vandal and the pelic hunter, reared its head. Everything was familiar to Henry, yet his eye dwelt longingly on each object. Here was a short strip of pebbly beach, and drawn high up on it was a fisherman's dory. The boat contained a pair of oars, a sprit-sail and mast, a coiled seine and, in the stern, a small breaker of fresh water. Without hesitation he stepped aboard, and, adjusting the thwarts and oars and arranging the sail so that it would act as a cover for him, he lay down and in two minutes was sound asleep.

Henry Bradford was a sound sleeper, a very sound sleeper, else this story might never have been written. He knew naught of the stealthy rise of the tide nor of the lift of the dory as she became water borne, nor did he know that in his earlier arrangements he had loosened the noosed painter from the bowler over which it had been slipped. He did not feel the impact of the gentle southwest wind which wafted the dory slowly but surely to the point of the beach.

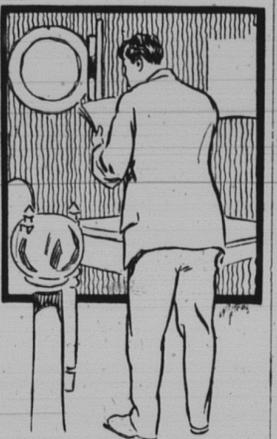
The outgoing tide in Plymouth harbor is much like a mill-race as it hurries to the greater waters of Barnstable bay.

Henry Bradford awoke, with chattering teeth and staring eyes, to find his boat being lifted again by the mighty hand of his dream. His rudely aroused senses apprised him of the situation. He knew himself to be in the dory, and he also realized that the dory was afloat and contending with a phase of ocean disturbance with which he was not familiar. The next uplift was of much less volume than its predecessor, and after three or four minor fluctuations he felt that his boat was rising and falling to the normal Atlantic swell. The air was heavy, damp and clammy, and was filled with many odors difficult of description, but all of the briny sea. He cautiously raised himself to a standing position and surveyed the horizon. The arc of sea and sky before him was utterly blank as he slowly swung his body to complete his view of the horizon, he saw on his starboard quarter, and well astern of him, the well-known gleam of Ra's point light. At the same moment there burst on his ear a thunderous, reverberating roar, such a sound as might be caused by a mighty wind devastating a great forest, or by the discharge of a thousand field pieces in a mighty cavern.

Tense and strained, Henry sensed everything which came to ear, eye or nostril. He realized that there had been a mighty upheaval of the ocean. That thunderous sound was undoubtedly the impact of a tidal wave upon a distant shore, that strange, clammy smell, the tang of which was still in his nostrils, was no doubt caused by the depths of ocean being hurled to the surface by this marine cataclysm. It was very dark, the clouds ob-

scured the sky and a light wind came from the northeast. Henry had now got his bearings. His dory had shipped but little water during the awful tumult. He was in the act of stepping the mast, when a new sound broke upon his ear. It was the slatting of a vessel's sails, and in his immediate proximity. His strained eyes discerned a blotch upon the blackness of the night, slightly on his port bow and becoming momentarily plainer to his vision. A moment later he was able to make out a schooner, with all sail set, riding deeply in the water and nearly hoove-to. Henry dropped the mast and shipped the oars, a few strokes of which brought him on her weather quarter, whence he lustily hailed: "Schooner, ahoy!" which, being repeated and varied with "Aboard the schooner," bringing him no reply, he again seized his oars and brought the dory alongside. He leaped lightly on board, painter in hand. He trailed his boat astern and secured the painter firmly. The schooner was on the starboard tack with all sail set, including fore and main gaff topsails, foremast staysail, jib and flying jib. About 20 feet of her midship bulwark was torn away and her decks were wet and slippery from recent inundations.

A hasty inspection of the cabin berths and its single stateroom disclosed no sign of life. An inspection of the deck forecastle produced similar



A Hurred Examination of the Papers.

results, and Henry Bradford realized that he was the only living being aboard that ill-fated schooner.

His mind was now intensely alert and he was on familiar ground. As fast as halyards could be handled, he clewed up both gaff topsails, and hauled down and furled the flying jib, jib and foremast staysail! Then, after stopping both gaff topsails, he returned to the deck and in a few minutes had the schooner upon the proper course for Boston light.

Daylight had come and the wind had freshened slightly. A hurried examination of the papers in the captain's stateroom disclosed the vessel's manifest, which gave the information that the schooner Clara Bates, 450 tons register, owned by Bates & Joyce of Boston, commanded by Capt. Ezra Perry of Salem, and a crew of five men, was carrying 530 tons of coal consigned to the owners of the vessel in Boston. A small sum of money in the captain's desk and the usual instruments of navigation were the things of most value which caught Bradford's eye during his hurried examination. The demands of the inner man were satisfied with a substantial breakfast, consisting of ham, fried potatoes and hot coffee.

The wind held true, and Bradford's mind had already worked out a plan of operations. He led his jib down-haul, and jib halyards—secured by a slip noose—aft, and, once in smooth water, he made ready his sheet anchor, secured by a cat-stopper only, and overhauled a few fathoms of chain. At four o'clock that afternoon, he brought the Clara Bates into the wind on South Boston flats, hauled down his jib and, as the vessel lost way, slipped his cat-stopper and anchored!

The rest is mere detail. It was in the fall of the great coal strike, and coal was scarce. Henry sent word to Bates & Joyce by the harbor master's tug, and an hour later the corpulent and genial Mr. Joyce was on board and had heard Henry's wonderful story. At 11 o'clock the next day Henry Bradford signed a release and accepted a lump sum of \$5,000 in lieu of all services rendered and salvage expected. There is one more happy detail. The 20 feet of bulwark that was torn away from the side of the Clara Bates acted as a life raft for the members of her company, who were swept overboard at the same time. They were picked up a few hours later by an ocean-going tug with a tow of coal-barges and bound for Salem.

At the earnest request of Henry Bradford, his name was suppressed from the newspaper accounts of the salvaging of the Clara Bates, and his appearance among his townspeople a few days later was recognized as the home-coming of a man who had gone out, done battle with the great world and returned successful.

A SUDDEN GOLD.



Miss Helen Sauerbier, of 813 Main St., Joseph, Mich., writes an interesting letter on the subject of catching cold, which cannot fail to be of value to all women who catch cold easily.

PERUNA ADVISED FOR SUDDEN COLDS.

It Should be Taken According to Directions on the Bottle, at the First Appearance of the Cold.

St. JOSEPH, Mich., Sept. 1, 1901.—Last winter I caught a *supercold* cold which developed into an unpleasant catarrh of the head and throat, depriving me of my appetite and usual good spirits. A friend who had been cured by Peruna advised me to try it and I sent for a bottle at once, and I am glad to say that in three days the plegm had loosened, and I felt better, my appetite returned and within nine days I was in my usual good health.

Miss Helen Sauerbier, of 813 Main St., Joseph, Mich., writes an interesting letter on the subject of catching cold, which cannot fail to be of value to all women who catch cold easily.

Peruna is an old and well tried remedy for colds. No woman should be without it.

ALL HIS OWN.



"My! What a big figure you are getting!"

"Well, what does that matter? I haven't taken yours, have I?"

A very simple and efficient Stock Tonic or Stock Food may be prepared at home at small cost by using ten pounds of wheat bran or other ground food, two and one-half pounds of oil meal and two and one-fourth pounds of Compound Roc. Compound Roc may be had at any drug store, and should not cost to exceed one dollar for two and one-fourth pounds.

Two at the Gate.
"Austin, before I punish you tell me why you were making so much noise." I demanded Mr. Wyss.
"It was just playin' automobile, pa," sobbed the youngster.
"Keep on playing," suggested Mr. Wyss. "Turn turtle."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Instant Relief for All Eyes.
That are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

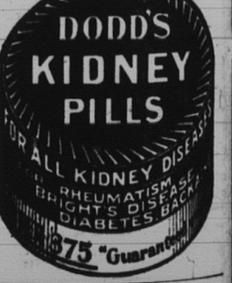
The wise man who has a good opinion of himself keeps it to himself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's a pity some people can't marry for brains instead of money.

Foot Arches—Use Allen's Foot-Powder.
Over 50,000 testimonials. Relieves itching, restores free trial package. A. S. Otis, Gen. L. B. N. Y.

A successful man isn't necessarily a contented man.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
BRANDY
1875 "Guaranteed"
PISO'S
Throat and Lungs
need just the protection against cold and disease that is obtained from PISO'S. If you have a cough, cold, slight or serious, begin taking PISO'S Cure today and continue until you are well. Cures the cough while it is fresh, when a few doses of PISO'S Cure may be all that you will need. Famous for half a century. Pleasant to taste. Free from opium and harmful ingredients. At all druggists, 25c.

GOLD.
SERIAL
STORY
THE
SMUGGLER
By
ELLA MIDDLETON
TYBOUT
Illustrations by Ray Walters
SYNOPSIS.
Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and
Ellie—started for Canada to spend the
summer there. On board steamer they
were frightened by an apparently demen-
tized stranger, who finding a bag belonging
to one of them, took enjoyment in scruti-
nizing a photo of the trio. Ellie shared her
stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also
bound for Canada.
CHAPTER I.—Continued.
The light was burning in my stateroom
when at last I forced myself to
enter it. Mrs. Graham lay asleep
in the lower berth, her lips slightly
parted and her face resting upon her
hand. Nature had meant to be kind
to this woman, and had been liberal
indeed with her gifts. The lashes
which swept the pale cheek were dark
and curling, like the luxuriant hair
carelessly pushed aside on the pillow,
while the face itself, though thin and
haggard, had evidently once been a
perfect oval, with a singular purity of
outline and innocence of expression.
As noiselessly as possible, I made
my preparations for the night and
climbed into my berth, turning off the
electric light with a sense of relief
that the switch was within easy reach
of my hand.
I lay staring into the darkness, wide
awake and alert to every sound. A
murmur of voices came from the next
room, interspersed with occasional sub-
dued laughter, and at last I heard a
window opened, and some one appar-
ently leaned out with an ejaculation of
relief.
"Jove, what a night! And to think
of wasting it in a cell like this! Blake,
you old sinner, have you no soul for the
beautiful? Look at the light on the
water."
The reply was inaudible. Evidently
Blake had gone sensibly to bed, but
the voice continued undaunted:
"I say, wouldn't it be jolly to dive off
the railing and swim a mile or so? I
declare, I've half a mind to do it!"
I caught my breath apprehensively.
Suppose he should jump? A match
was now scratched, and the odor of a
cigarette floated through my slatted
blind.
"Maybe you think you're on an ordi-
nary steamer, Blake, but it's nothing
of the kind. It is a royal barge be-
longing to the gods, and it's carrying
the Three Graces to attend Apollo—
I'm Apollo, you understand, and Venus
isn't in it! This trip, I think—of course
I'm not yet sure—but I think Thalia
is the chosen one."
The berth creaked plaintively, and
a second match was struck. Apparent-
ly Blake considered it wiser to join
his patient at the window.
"Don't be an ass," he said, with a
slow drawl, by his companion merely
whistled a few bars of an old song.
"How happy could I be with either,
were they other dear charmer away," eh,
Blake?" he laughed. "That's the way
with this world—always too much
or too little."
"Quite enough for you, I think."
"Not a bit of it. The thing I want
most I lack, but some time, some how,
I'm going to get it."
Silence for a few moments, then he
resumed more gravely:
"Of course it's no end jolly to have
you with me, Blake, but it is a queer
business for you to take up, and I
don't altogether like it. You were
built for better things."
"It is interesting work, and said to
require special fitness."
"No doubt, well, it's an ill wind,
you know, and, since it blew my way,
I've no kick coming. But, old chap,
there is no use in publishing what
you are doing, and for both our
sakes it is better you should pass
simply as my guest."
"As you please, Bennett. Now, for
heaven's sake, come to bed."
I don't know whether I had actually
been asleep, or whether I was merely
in that delightful state of half-con-
sciousness which precedes profound
slumber, but suddenly I started up
broad awake, with the echo of a cry
ringing in my ears. Was I dreaming?
I wondered, for I heard nothing but
the sound of the waves against the
boat.
Then it came again, from just be-
neath me, a sobbing, frightened cry,
indefinitely distressing to hear, and in-
stinctively I turned on the light and
jumped to the floor.
Mrs. Graham sat upright in her
berth, her dark eyes looking into
space, and her hands tightly clasped.
"Not again, Harry," she moaned;
"not again—so soon."
I took her hands in mine and spoke
to her, calling her by name several
times, and gradually the blank look
in her eyes was replaced by utter be-
wilderedness as she began to realize her
surroundings.
"What is it?" she said. "What
have I been doing?"

"You were dreaming," I suggested.
"A bad dream, perhaps."
"A bad dream," she repeated; "yes,
that's it—a bad dream. And only a
dream, thank God!"
"But I've wakened you," she con-
tinued contritely, "and of course you
are tired, too. I'm so sorry. Please
go to sleep again, and I will try not to
disturb you. I am all right, indeed."
I put out the light and got back into
my berth and lay there thinking about
my companion and more than half
expecting her to cry out again. Evidently
she did not at once go to sleep,
for I heard her sigh softly now and
then, and once she whispered brokenly:
"Only a dream, thank God, only a
dream!"

CHAPTER II.
When I wakened the next morning,
I was alone, and should have been in-
clined to believe the preceding night
a dream were it not for the penciled
words on a scrap of paper pinned to
my counterpane, that thanked me for
sharing my room and expressed the
hope that we might meet again in the
future.

It was raining when we landed, and
upon reaching our hotel, after two
hours' run by train and a half hour
spent in crossing troubled waters in
an odious little steamer, we were not
in a condition to be enthusiastic about
our new quarters.

Elizabeth's booklet had said:
This well appointed house combines the
comforts of home with the conveniences
of the best hotels. The cozy bedrooms,
spacious verandas, abundant, carefully
prepared food, and cheerful, willing ser-
vice appeal at once to the jaded traveler,
offering all essential bodily comforts and
refreshment; while nature's never ending
panorama stretching away into space af-
forded vistas pleasing to the eye, and the
society of other cultured guests provides
the mental stimulus so necessary for true
recreation.

Even now, however, I hesitate to re-
call our first week in this ideal retreat,
when it rained without ceasing and the
beauties of nature were left to the
imagination, while the house itself
proved a delusion and a snare.

Elizabeth got going best, for she
immediately inspected her wardrobe
and ripped up two skirts and a shirt
waist preparatory to making them
over with circles of lace insertion let
in by hand; her arduous work was a little
dampened when she discovered she
had no lace and nowhere to buy it,
but she rallied bravely and resorted to
fagoting instead, with satisfactory
results.

Gabrielle and I were not so for-
tunate, for experience had taught us
not to attempt to improve on our rain-
ment, and after we had written to
everybody we knew and told them
what a delightful summer we antici-
pated, we had reached the end of our
resources, and I only stared absently
out of the window, while Gabrielle
took to reviewing her past life, which
is proof positive that she is very blue
indeed.

"What use have I been in the
world?" she demanded, lying face
downward on her bed. "I do nothing
but eat and sleep and enjoy myself."
"You are lots of use to me," inter-
rupted Elizabeth cheerfully. "Would
you cut these sleeves elbow length?"
"No, I wouldn't; I don't like them."
"Well, I do," and Elizabeth clashed
her scissors vigorously (elbow sleeves
being a point upon which they differed
emphatically), while Gabrielle pulled
a pillow under her head and continued
solemnly:
"I have quite decided that next win-
ter shall be different. When we go
back to Washington I intend to read
something-improving every day, and
to spend money I generally waste on
theaters in flowers for the Children's
hospital; and I will read to the blind,
and take them up and down to the
congressional library to those enter-
tainments, you know."
We exchanged smiles over her un-
conscious head, for the blind had often
before been promised the pleasure of
her society without reaping any actual
benefit therefrom, and reference to
them always indicated that her spirits
had reached the zero point.
"Let us go out," I suggested, feeling
that something must be done to cause
a diversion; "even if we get wet, it
will be better than staying here."
So we donned our rain coats and
walked through the little village, with
its modest frame dwellings and oc-
casional pretentious hotel, up a hill
and straight out on a bluff overlooking
the sea. There, isolated and alone,
was a vacant cottage with a covered
veranda.

I shall never forget our first sight
of the ocean—all gray like the en-
veloping fog, except where the white-
crested waves rolled highest, with
wonderful green shadows and opales-
cent lights. As we looked, the mist
lifted, the sun came out, and we saw
the vast Atlantic stretching away into
space, restless, awesome, and irre-
sistibly alluring, with its vague sug-
gestion of hidden marvels just beyond
the horizon.

Elizabeth beckoned from the turn
of the veranda, which ran quite about
the house, and we joined her, speech-
less with admiration. Evidently the
island ended here in a sharp point,
for while on one hand was the ocean,
on the other was water also, but
closely dotted with little green is-
lands, gay with flowers and com-
fortable-looking houses. Just beyond
was the strip of land we knew to be
the border of the United States.

High above, upon the bluff, stood the
little cottage, commanding an unob-
structed view on every side. There
was an air of coziness about it, de-
serted though it was, which made us
homesick in spite of ourselves. It was
built of shingle, now beautifully gray
and weather-beaten, and had fascinat-
ing latticed windows and overhanging
gables, with an outside chimney of
rough stone. Anything more unlike
the clapboard houses of the village
could not be imagined.

"How I would like to get inside!"
exclaimed Elizabeth, longingly.

"There ain't no reason you can't,"
said a gruff voice behind us. I almost
lost my balance, but turned to meet
the intruder.

He seemed entirely harmless, merely
an old man with a door key, who
explained that he was the caretaker
and came up after each rain to be
sure that everything was all right;
so we followed him eagerly.

If the outside of the cottage was
attractive, the inside was irresistible.
It consisted of a moderately large liv-
ing room with a stone fireplace, a
small dining room, a smaller kitchen,
three bedrooms, a bath and a little
square entrance hall.

It was furnished, too. As Gabrielle
said, modestly, it could not have been
done better had we attended to it our-
selves. There were large, comfortable
wicker chairs and couches, upholstered
in chintz, chintz hangings, delightful
little tables, and, last, but not least,
a generous supply of the necessities of
life in the shape of bed and table lin-
ens, cooking utensils, table appoint-
ments of china and plated ware, and,
in short, everything one could desire.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, after ex-
hausting her supply of adjectives,
"how I should like to spend the sum-
mer right here!"

"Well," returned the care taker,
"the house is to let."
It was the beginning of the end. We
all knew it privately, although we did
not more than casually ascertain the
rent; but Elizabeth conversed aside
with the old man, while Gabrielle
tried each chair in turn, and I discov-
ered a light arranged over the couch
where one might lie and read luxuri-
ously on stormy evenings.

"Of course," said Gabrielle, as we
turned reluctantly away, "it is out of
the question for us to take it."
"Of course," we echoed; but Eliza-
beth added that the rent was ridicu-
lously low, and I referred to the
view from the window and the utter
absence of vines or any sort of ver-
dure, so necessary to combating hay
fever.

We wanted to go back along the
shore as far as possible, so descended
a very steep little flight of steps lead-
ing down to a small shed or boat-
house, belonging to the cottage.

A woman stood on the little slip,
looking over the water. She turned
as we approached, and I recognized
Mrs. Graham. The keen air had
brought a little color into her face,
but her lips looked blue and pinched,
and her voice, as she responded to my
surprised greeting, shook uncontrol-
lably.

"I am waiting for my husband," she
said. "He went out early this morn-
ing in his boat, and has not yet re-
turned. Our cottage is just beyond
the bluff, but I had no idea we were
your neighbors."
I explained that we were at the
hotel, and expressed the hope that
she felt rested after her journey, but
she had resumed her scrutiny of the
ocean and did not reply to my in-
quiry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

benefit therefrom, and reference to
them always indicated that her spirits
had reached the zero point.
"Let us go out," I suggested, feeling
that something must be done to cause
a diversion; "even if we get wet, it
will be better than staying here."
So we donned our rain coats and
walked through the little village, with
its modest frame dwellings and oc-
casional pretentious hotel, up a hill
and straight out on a bluff overlooking
the sea. There, isolated and alone,
was a vacant cottage with a covered
veranda.

I shall never forget our first sight
of the ocean—all gray like the en-
veloping fog, except where the white-
crested waves rolled highest, with
wonderful green shadows and opales-
cent lights. As we looked, the mist
lifted, the sun came out, and we saw
the vast Atlantic stretching away into
space, restless, awesome, and irre-
sistibly alluring, with its vague sug-
gestion of hidden marvels just beyond
the horizon.

Elizabeth beckoned from the turn
of the veranda, which ran quite about
the house, and we joined her, speech-
less with admiration. Evidently the
island ended here in a sharp point,
for while on one hand was the ocean,
on the other was water also, but
closely dotted with little green is-
lands, gay with flowers and com-
fortable-looking houses. Just beyond
was the strip of land we knew to be
the border of the United States.

High above, upon the bluff, stood the
little cottage, commanding an unob-
structed view on every side. There
was an air of coziness about it, de-
serted though it was, which made us
homesick in spite of ourselves. It was
built of shingle, now beautifully gray
and weather-beaten, and had fascinat-
ing latticed windows and overhanging
gables, with an outside chimney of
rough stone. Anything more unlike
the clapboard houses of the village
could not be imagined.

"How I would like to get inside!"
exclaimed Elizabeth, longingly.

"There ain't no reason you can't,"
said a gruff voice behind us. I almost
lost my balance, but turned to meet
the intruder.

He seemed entirely harmless, merely
an old man with a door key, who
explained that he was the caretaker
and came up after each rain to be
sure that everything was all right;
so we followed him eagerly.

If the outside of the cottage was
attractive, the inside was irresistible.
It consisted of a moderately large liv-
ing room with a stone fireplace, a
small dining room, a smaller kitchen,
three bedrooms, a bath and a little
square entrance hall.

It was furnished, too. As Gabrielle
said, modestly, it could not have been
done better had we attended to it our-
selves. There were large, comfortable
wicker chairs and couches, upholstered
in chintz, chintz hangings, delightful
little tables, and, last, but not least,
a generous supply of the necessities of
life in the shape of bed and table lin-
ens, cooking utensils, table appoint-
ments of china and plated ware, and,
in short, everything one could desire.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, after ex-
hausting her supply of adjectives,
"how I should like to spend the sum-
mer right here!"

"Well," returned the care taker,
"the house is to let."
It was the beginning of the end. We
all knew it privately, although we did
not more than casually ascertain the
rent; but Elizabeth conversed aside
with the old man, while Gabrielle
tried each chair in turn, and I discov-
ered a light arranged over the couch
where one might lie and read luxuri-
ously on stormy evenings.

"Of course," said Gabrielle, as we
turned reluctantly away, "it is out of
the question for us to take it."
"Of course," we echoed; but Eliza-
beth added that the rent was ridicu-
lously low, and I referred to the
view from the window and the utter
absence of vines or any sort of ver-
dure, so necessary to combating hay
fever.

We wanted to go back along the
shore as far as possible, so descended
a very steep little flight of steps lead-
ing down to a small shed or boat-
house, belonging to the cottage.

A woman stood on the little slip,
looking over the water. She turned
as we approached, and I recognized
Mrs. Graham. The keen air had
brought a little color into her face,
but her lips looked blue and pinched,
and her voice, as she responded to my
surprised greeting, shook uncontrol-
lably.

"I am waiting for my husband," she
said. "He went out early this morn-
ing in his boat, and has not yet re-
turned. Our cottage is just beyond
the bluff, but I had no idea we were
your neighbors."
I explained that we were at the
hotel, and expressed the hope that
she felt rested after her journey, but
she had resumed her scrutiny of the
ocean and did not reply to my in-
quiry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SETTING HER MIND AT EASE
Landlord's Endeavors to Reassure His
Fair Guest.

She was the wife of an army officer
on her way to a western fort, and when
a stop was made at the tavern in a
pioneer town for the night she looked
about on the rough characters and
asked the landlord if there was trouble.
"Not a bit of it, ma'am," he smilingly
replied. "Everything is all serene
and will continue right on. There's a
duffer in town who says he can make
me eat dirt, but I ain't goin' to tell
him to try 'till you git gone. I
know what belongs to manners."
"Thanks, ever so much."
The lady had finished supper and
was on her way to her room when the
host halted her to say:
"A galoot named Jim Wheeler has
just sent me word that he can break
me in two, and he will be here in ten
minutes to do it. Would you mind if
I lit on to him?"
"But there'd be a fight!" she queried.
"Yes, a powerful fight."
"Then I hope you won't."
"All right, ma'am—all right. I've
allus been a gentleman and allus hope
to be."
She thought she had seen the last of
the landlord for the night, but she
hadn't. An hour later he knocked at
her door and anxiously said:
"That's a wall-eyed heathen out yere
what needs shooting, but I won't do it
to-night on account of you. I'd like to
ax you, however, if I might take three
drinks at my own bar?"
"But you might get drunk."
"Not at all, ma'am. I know my man-
ners better'n that. I'll just jump on
my hat and hoot, and if I have to put
a knife in a critter's ribs I'll do it so
softly you won't hear a word. I'm a
gentleman and you are a lady, and if
necessary I'll kill five or six galoots
between this and daylight to make 'em
believe it!"—Kansas City Journal.

The Road Angel.
"The road hog," said a motorist, "is
the man who scorchs on frequented
highways, who kills chickens and dogs
gleefully, who slays human beings and
then makes off. The road angel—"
He paused. He could not think of
words sufficiently laudatory of the road
angel. At length he said:
"That rare, but increasing type, the
road angel, may be told infallibly by
one sign. The road angel slows down
so that the dust of his great car may
not annoy the passing pedestrian. And
what blessings are rained on his head!
The pedestrian sees the oncoming car
in its swirl of dust. He shrinks as far
away as possible. He turns his head
aside and puts his handkerchief over
his mouth and nose. And lo, with a
gracious smile, the road angel slows
down, he passes the pedestrian with
no more dust than a bicycle would
make.
"When you meet with the road an-
gel don't neglect to thank him. By the
same token, shake your fist and shout
abuse at the road hog who suffocates
you in his dust, for he knows quite
well that is doing a rude and self-
ish thing."
The Pathos Went Wrong.
Irving Bacheller, the novelist, is of
unusually agreeable appearance and
address. Once when he was a reporter
on a New York morning newspaper the
Sunday editor said to him:
"I want you to write me a good
story about the trials and discouragements
of men who are looking for
work in a big city. Get up early to-
morrow, put on some old clothes and
visit all the places that advertise for
male help in the morning paper. Give
an account of the number of applicants
and the kind of men they are, and de-
scribe vividly the feelings of a poor
devil who, perhaps, has had no break-
fast and has walked miles because he
hasn't got carfare, and then meets dis-
appointment after disappointment.
Draw it good and strong on the pathos.
People like to read that sort of thing."
At noon the next day Mr. Bacheller
appeared at the office crestfallen.
"I'm afraid I can't make anything
out of that story," he said, to the Sun-
day editor.
"What's the trouble?"
"I've got three jobs already and a
promise of two more."
The Malacca Wildcats.
In the forests of Malacca and other
islands in the Indian ocean may still
be found the animal known as a wild-
cat. The upper parts of it are gen-
erally of a clear yellow color, with
black spots; the lower parts are white,
with black spots also. On the back the
spots lengthen almost into lines or
rings, black on yellow.
The average length of the animal,
excluding the tail, is almost two feet;
the tail averages nine inches. Its
height when standing erect is about 12
inches at the shoulder and 15 inches
at the hind-quarters. Its temper is
mild and gentle; it plays almost like
a domestic cat, or, rather, kitten,
chasing its tail and amusing itself with
anything that it can roll with its paws.

The Line of Least Resistance.
The Mother—My little boy was
rude, I know. I am afraid he is aw-
fully spoiled.
The Stranger—Don't mention it,
madam! It is better that he should be
spoiled than that his young life be
embittered by the thought that he is
different from all other American chil-
dren.—Life.

A Continual Bluff.
"Life is largely a pretense."
"Say the rest of it."
"I used to have to pretend that I
liked cigarettes when I was a kid,
and now it's the same with grand
opera."—Kansas City Journal.

DRAGS YOU DOWN.
Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly
Wear One Out.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Fayette St., Man-
chester, Ia., says: "For two years my
back was weak and
rheumatic. Pains ran
through my back,
hips and limbs. I
could hardly get
about and lost much
sleep. The action of
the kidneys was
much disordered. I
began using Doan's
Kidney Pills and the
result was remarkable. The kidney
action became normal, the backache
ceased, and my health is now un-
usually good."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box.
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE TIME.
Colored Fisherman Most Satisfied
When the Bites Were Few.

Riding across the country one day,
Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who
had been for quite a while perched
motionless upon a little bridge, fish-
ing silently from the stream beneath.
For some time he watched him from
a distance, but finally, overcome by
the old fellow's unmoved patience, he
rode up and accosted him.
"Hello, Wash! What are you doing
up there?"
"Fishin', sah," came the reply.
"Not getting many, are you?"
"No, sah."
"Well, it seems to me you'd get
tired fishing so long without a bite."
"I doesn't want no bite, cap'n."
"Well, that's funny. Why don't you
want a bite, Wash?"
"Hit's this-a-way, cap'n: when I gits
a lot o' bites, hit takes all meh time
to gits the fish off'n meh line, an' I
doesn't have no time foh fishin'!"—
Success Magazine.

AT ATLANTIC CITY.
GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS
With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat,
and Tingling Were Excruciating—
Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my
daughter's chest. I took her to a
doctor, and he pronounced it to be
eczema of a very bad form. He treated
her, but the disease spread to her back,
and then the whole of her head was
affected, and all her hair had to be cut
off. The pain she suffered was excru-
ciating, and with that and the heat
and tingling her life was almost un-
bearable. Occasionally she was delir-
ious and she did not have a proper hour's
sleep for many nights. The second
doctor we tried afforded her just as
little relief as the first. Then I pur-
chased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and
Pills, and before the Ointment was
three-quarters finished every trace of
the disease was gone. It really seemed
like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brent-
wood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

Imaginary Holidays.
I know a man who cannot afford to
travel, and yet has a delightful way
of deceiving himself. He learns about
the cost of traveling, the proper cloth-
ing to be worn, gets a time table, and
arranges excursions for himself to
various places, and then reads about
them in books of travel. To the man
with imagination it is a captivating
occupation.—Heath and Home.

Found When Hope Had Gone.
It was when capital and hope were
alike exhausted that a last desperate
stroke of the pick revealed the fabu-
lous riches of the Big Bonanza silver
mine in 1873—a treasure house which
has since yielded ore valued at \$150,
000,000.

Much Power from Niagara.
Power generated at Niagara Falls is
to be distributed all over Canada. Bids
have been asked on 10,000 tons of
structural steel for the Canadian gov-
ernment. The steel is to be used for
towers which will support the cables
used in transporting the current. Al-
ready power generated at Niagara is
being sent to a distance of more than
125 miles, and it is the intention of the
Canadian government to increase this
distance, says the Scientific Ameri-
can. Towns in every direction about
Niagara will be supplied.

WANTED TO KNOW
The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you
hear about a thing, it's what you know
that counts. And correct knowledge
is most likely to come from personal
experience.
"About a year ago," writes a N. Y.
man, "I was bothered by indigestion,
especially during the forenoon. I tried
several remedies without any perma-
nent improvement.
"My breakfast usually consisted of
oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee
and some fruit.
"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts,
I concluded to give it a trial and find
out if all I had heard of it was true.
"So I began with Grape-Nuts and
cream, 2 soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup
of Postum and some fruit. Before the
end of the first week I was rid of the
acidity of the stomach and felt much
relieved.
"By the end of the second week all
traces of indigestion had disappeared
and I was in first rate health once
more. Before beginning this course of
diet, I never had any appetite for
lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty
meal at noon time." "There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle
Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-
ville," in pkgs.
Ever read the above letter? A new
one appears from time to time. They
are genuine, true, and full of human
interest.

PUTTING IT UP TO BILLIE.
Logical Reason Why He Should Be
the One to Ask Favor.

The wagons of the "greatest show
on earth" passed up the avenue at
daybreak. Their incessant rumble
soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and
his five-year-old brother, Robert. Their
mother feigned sleep as the two white-
robed figures crept past her bed into
the hall, on the way to investigate.
Robert struggled manfully with the
unaccustomed task of putting on his
clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his
mother heard him beg. "You'll get
ahead of me."
"Get mother to help you," counseled
Billie, who was having troubles of his
own.
Mother started to the rescue, and
then paused as she heard the voice
of her younger, guarded but anxious
and insistent:
"You ask her, Billie. You've known
her longer than I have."—Everybody's
Magazine.

NOT THE RIGHT MAN.
The Rejected—And will nothing
make you change your mind?
She—Myes, another man might.

GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS
With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat,
and Tingling Were Excruciating—
Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my
daughter's chest. I took her to a
doctor, and he pronounced it to be
eczema of a very bad form. He treated
her, but the disease spread to her back,
and then the whole of her head was
affected, and all her hair had to be cut
off. The pain she suffered was excru-
ciating, and with that and the heat
and tingling her life was almost un-
bearable. Occasionally she was delir-
ious and she did not have a proper hour's
sleep for many nights. The second
doctor we tried afforded her just as
little relief as the first. Then I pur-
chased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and
Pills, and before the Ointment was
three-quarters finished every trace of
the disease was gone. It really seemed
like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brent-
wood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

Imaginary Holidays.
I know a man who cannot afford to
travel, and yet has a delightful way
of deceiving himself. He learns about
the cost of traveling, the proper cloth-
ing to be worn, gets a time table, and
arranges excursions for himself to
various places, and then reads about
them in books of travel. To the man
with imagination it is a captivating
occupation.—Heath and Home.

Found When Hope Had Gone.
It was when capital and hope were
alike exhausted that a last desperate
stroke of the pick revealed the fabu-
lous riches of the Big Bonanza silver
mine in 1873—a treasure house which
has since yielded ore valued at \$150,
000,000.

Much Power from Niagara.
Power generated at Niagara Falls is
to be distributed all over Canada. Bids
have been asked on 10,000 tons of
structural steel for the Canadian gov-
ernment. The steel is to be used for
towers which will support the cables
used in transporting the current. Al-
ready power generated at Niagara is
being sent to a distance of more than
125 miles, and it is the intention of the
Canadian government to increase this
distance, says the Scientific Ameri-
can. Towns in every direction about
Niagara will be supplied.

WANTED TO KNOW
The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you
hear about a thing, it's what you know
that counts. And correct knowledge
is most likely to come from personal
experience.
"About a year ago," writes a N. Y.
man, "I was bothered by indigestion,
especially during the forenoon. I tried
several remedies without any perma-
nent improvement.
"My breakfast usually consisted of
oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee
and some fruit.
"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts,
I concluded to give it a trial and find
out if all I had heard of it was true.
"So I began with Grape-Nuts and
cream, 2 soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup
of Postum and some fruit. Before the
end of the first week I was rid of the
acidity of the stomach and felt much
relieved.
"By the end of the second week all
traces of indigestion had disappeared
and I was in first rate health once
more. Before beginning this course of
diet, I never had any appetite for
lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty
meal at noon time." "There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle
Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-
ville," in pkgs.
Ever read the above letter? A new
one appears from time to time. They
are genuine, true, and full of human
interest.

RELEASED ON DEATH MISSION
Italian Lover's Vengeance Aided by a
Jailer.

Giuseppe Seroa, a workman, aged 25,
was arrested some weeks ago at Bari,
Italy, for a burglary in which he was
implicated and sentenced to four
months' imprisonment.
He spent the first part of his im-
prisonment in counting the days until
his release, when he would be married
to his sweetheart, who had sworn that
she would never forsake him.
But one day the jailer told him that
the marriage bans of the girl and an-
other man had been published.
Seroa was terribly upset, and de-
clared that he would rather see the
girl dead than married to anyone else.

The jailer later agreed that he was
right, and after some hesitation he
accorded to the prisoner's request to
let him go and kill her.
Seroa swore solemnly that he would
not tarry an instant longer than was
necessary for the deed, and the jailer
released him to fulfill the noble duty
of a lover.
Seroa returned to prison a couple
of hours later. He had stabbed the girl
dead, and was content to await his
own further punishment. The jailer
had been arrested.
Nevertheless to say that one always
hesitates is to say that she is a weak-
ling, and therefore, it should be strick-
en from our calendar.

SETTING HER MIND AT EASE
Landlord's Endeavors to Reassure His
Fair Guest.

She was the wife of an army officer
on her way to a western fort, and when
a stop was made at the tavern in a
pioneer town for the night she looked
about on the rough characters and
asked the landlord if there was trouble.
"Not a bit of it, ma'am," he smilingly
replied. "Everything is all serene
and will continue right on. There's a
duffer in town who says he can make
me eat dirt, but I ain't goin' to tell
him to try 'till you git gone. I
know what belongs to manners."
"Thanks, ever so much."
The lady had finished supper and
was on her way to her room when the
host halted her to say:
"A galoot named Jim Wheeler has
just sent me word that he can break
me in two, and he will be here in ten
minutes to do it. Would you mind if
I lit on to him?"
"But there'd be a fight!" she queried.
"Yes, a powerful fight."
"Then I hope you won't."
"All right, ma'am—all right. I've
allus been a gentleman and allus hope
to be."
She thought she had seen the last of
the landlord for the night, but she
hadn't. An hour later he knocked at
her door and anxiously said:
"That's a wall-eyed heathen out yere
what needs shooting, but I won't do it
to-night on account of you. I'd like to
ax you, however, if I might take three
drinks at my own bar?"
"But you might get drunk."
"Not at all, ma'am. I know my man-
ners better'n that. I'll just jump on
my hat and hoot, and if I have to put
a knife in a critter's ribs I'll do it so
softly you won't hear a word. I'm a
gentleman and you are a lady, and if
necessary I'll kill five or six galoots
between this and daylight to make 'em
believe it!"—Kansas City Journal.

The Road Angel.
"The road hog," said a motorist, "is
the man who scorchs on frequented
highways, who kills chickens and dogs
gleefully, who slays human beings and
then makes off. The road angel—"
He paused. He could not think of
words sufficiently laudatory of the road
angel. At length he said:
"That rare, but increasing type, the
road angel, may be told infallibly by
one sign. The road angel slows down
so that the dust of his great car may
not annoy the passing pedestrian. And
what blessings are rained on his head!
The pedestrian sees the oncoming car
in its swirl of dust. He shrinks as far
away as possible. He turns his head
aside and puts his handkerchief over
his mouth and nose. And lo, with a
gracious smile, the road angel slows
down, he passes the pedestrian with
no more dust than a bicycle would
make.
"When you meet with the road an-
gel don't neglect to thank him. By the
same token, shake your fist and shout
abuse at the road hog who suffocates
you in his dust, for he knows quite
well that is doing a rude and self-
ish thing."
The Pathos Went Wrong.
Irving Bacheller, the novelist, is of
unusually agreeable appearance and
address. Once when he was a reporter
on a New York morning newspaper the
Sunday editor said to him:
"I want you to write me a good
story about the trials and discouragements
of men who are looking for
work in a big city. Get up early to-
morrow, put on some old clothes and
visit all the places that advertise for
male help in the morning paper. Give
an account of the number of applicants
and the kind of men they are, and de-
scribe vividly the feelings of a poor
devil who, perhaps, has had no break-
fast and has walked miles because he
hasn't got carfare, and then meets dis-
appointment after disappointment.
Draw it good and strong on the pathos.
People like to read that sort of thing."
At noon the next day Mr. Bacheller
appeared at the office crestfallen.
"I'm afraid I can't make anything
out of that story," he said, to the Sun-
day editor.
"What's the trouble?"
"I've got three jobs already and a
promise of two more."
The Malacca Wildcats.
In the forests of Malacca and other
islands in the Indian ocean may still
be found the animal known as a wild-
cat. The upper parts of it are gen-
erally of a clear yellow color, with
black spots; the lower parts are white,
with black spots also. On the back the
spots lengthen almost into lines or
rings, black on yellow.
The average length of the animal,
excluding the tail, is almost two feet;
the tail averages nine inches. Its
height when standing erect is about 12
inches at the shoulder and 15 inches
at the hind-quarters. Its temper is
mild and gentle; it plays almost like
a domestic cat, or, rather, kitten,
chasing its tail and amusing itself with
anything that it can roll with its paws.

The Line of Least Resistance.
The Mother—My little boy was
rude, I know. I am afraid he is aw-
fully spoiled.
The Stranger—Don't mention it,
madam! It is better that he should be
spoiled than that his young life be
embittered by the thought that he is
different from all other American chil-
dren.—Life.

A Continual Bluff.
"Life is largely a pretense."
"Say the rest of it."
"I used to have to pretend that I
liked cigarettes when I was a kid,
and now it's the same with grand
opera."—Kansas City Journal.

DRAGS YOU DOWN.
Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly
Wear One Out.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Fayette St., Man-
chester, Ia., says: "For two years my
back was weak and
rheumatic. Pains ran
through my back,
hips and limbs. I
could hardly get
about and lost much
sleep. The action of
the kidneys was
much disordered. I
began using Doan's
Kidney Pills and the
result was remarkable. The kidney
action became normal, the backache
ceased, and my health is now un-
usually good."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box.
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE TIME.
Colored Fisherman Most Satisfied
When the Bites Were Few.

Riding across the country one day,
Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who
had been for quite a while perched
motionless upon a little bridge, fish-
ing silently from the stream beneath.
For some time he watched him from
a distance, but finally, overcome by
the old fellow's unmoved patience, he
rode up and accosted him.
"Hello, Wash! What are you doing
up there?"
"Fishin', sah," came the reply.
"Not getting many, are you?"
"No, sah."
"Well, it seems to me you'd get
tired fishing so long without a bite."
"I doesn't want no bite, cap'n."
"Well, that's funny. Why don't you
want a bite, Wash?"
"Hit's this-a-way, cap'n: when I gits
a lot o' bites, hit takes all meh time
to gits the fish off'n meh line, an' I
doesn't have no time foh fishin'!"—
Success Magazine.

AT ATLANTIC CITY.
GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS
With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat,
and Tingling Were Excruciating—
Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my
daughter's chest. I took her to a
doctor, and he pronounced it to be
eczema of a very bad

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely PURE

Insures delicious, healthful food for every home, every day. The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes.

Safeguards your food against alum and phosphate of lime—harsh mineral acids which are used in cheaply made powders.

D. J. T. WOODS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in the Staffan-Merkel block.
Residence on Congdon street.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.
Telephone 114.

S. G. BUSH, E. F. CHASE,
BUSH & CHASE,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Offices in the Freeman-Cummings block.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

A. L. STEGER,
DENTIST.
Office—Kempf Bank Block,
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.
Phone—Office, 82, 2r; Residence, 82, 2r

JAMES S. GORMAN,
LAW OFFICE.
East Middle street, Chelsea, Mich.

TURNBULL & WITHERELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
B. B. Turnbull, H. D. Witherell,
CHELSEA, MICH.

STIVERS & KALMBACH
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
General Law practice in all courts. Notary Public in the office. Phone 68.
Office in Kempf Bank Block.
CHELSEA, MICH.

S. A. MAPES,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.
FINE FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
Calls answered promptly night or day.
Chelsea Telephone No. 6.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.

PARKER & BECKWITH,
Real Estate Dealers.
Money to Loan. Life and Fire Insurance
Office in Hatch-Duraud block.

E. W. DANIELS,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. For information call at The Standard-Herald office, or address Gregory, Mich., r. f. d. 2. Phone connections. Auction bills and in cup furnished free.

OLIVE LODGE, No. 156, F. & A. M.
Regular meetings for 1908 are as follows: Jan. 14, Feb. 11, Mar. 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6, Nov. 3; annual meeting and election of officers, Dec. 1. St. John's Day, June 24—Dec. 27. Visiting Brothers welcome.
G. E. Jackson, W. M.
C. W. Maroney, Sec.

THE PICK OF THE OCTOBER FICTION MAGAZINES
The Red Book Magazine

The magazine de luxe. A distinct achievement in literature, art and printing. Specials for October—"Billions for Bad Blue Blood," by Chas. E. Russell; the Gibson Girl and the Ibsen Girl, by John Corbin; ten short stories, dramas of the day and photo art studies by Hall, of New York.

ELMER E. WINANS,
Phone 60.

DETROIT UNITED LINES
Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and Detroit.

LIMITED CARS.
East bound, 7:42 am 1:42 pm 4:27 pm
West bound, 9:45 am 2:45 pm 5:45 pm

LOCAL CARS.
East bound—6:36 am; 8:40 am, and every two hours to 8:40 pm; also 10:10 pm. To Ypsilanti only, 11:55.
West bound—6:44 am; 7:50 am, and every two hours to 11:50 pm.
Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

BREVITIES

Henry R. Hague, of Jackson, has brought suit against the D., J. & C. Ry. for damages sustained in a wreck.

Editor Bishop of the Grass Lake News is rejoicing over the advent of a bouncing baby girl, born at his home on Thursday last.

Alonzo Robbins, one of Dexter's oldest and most respected citizens died at his home Saturday night at 9 o'clock after a long and painful illness.

A serious fire was narrowly averted in the drying room at the Stimpson Scale Co. works at Milan Saturday. The automatic sprinkler did the put-out in quick shape and no damage to speak of resulted.

Mrs. Janet Gillitte of Grass Lake died of paralysis at the home of her brother, Jerome Watkins, at a late hour last evening. She was one of the first children born in this township in 1836. She was a member of Congregational church for more than 50 years.

The Ann Arbor high school has instituted a course in journalism. So far as known it is the only high school in the United States giving a course of this kind. Selby A. Moran instructor of shorthand in the institution and an old newspaper man, has charge of the course.

We are informed by the farmers that hunters or some other persons have cut their wire fences. That is a mean piece of business as a wire fence is a bad thing to get back in shape again. Besides by opening a fence, stock gets out and does damage to neighbors.—Manchester Enterprise.

One of the persons who went through the harrowing experience of being a passenger on the steamer Neshoto, which went to pieces at Crisp point last Sunday, is Dr. Randolph Schuyler, of Ann Arbor. Dr. Schuyler was acting as pilot, and says he does not care to go through such an experience again.

James Smith, of Ypsilanti, was taken to Jackson last week where he begins a sentence of from four to ten years. Smith was arrested September 17 upon complaint of the parents of two little girls, sisters, 6 and 10 years old respectively. He pleaded guilty before Judge Kinne to attempted assault.

Articles of association of The Ypsilanti Milling Company were filed last week with the county clerk. The company, which will have \$12,000 common stock and \$3,000 preferred stock, will do a general commercial and custom flour milling business at Ypsilanti. The term of existence of the corporation is fixed at thirty years.

January 1, 1909, is the farthest date set by officials of the Michigan United Railways company on which the first car will be run over the Lansing-Jackson interurban line from Lansing to Mason. It is stated that the initial car may be run before that date, but New Year's day is given as the latest possible time for the event in order that delays may be taken into account.

Prompt work with antidotes is the only thing that saved Stella Kelly, a negro girl, from death by the chloroform route. She visited Lansing, last Friday, and there succeeded, it is charged, in charming a farmer out of his cash. He complained to the Lansing police, and caused her arrest at Ann Arbor. Shortly after her apprehension it was learned that she had taken chloroform. She recovered so that she could be taken to Lansing later.

Kinnear, the pumping station for the Michigan Central railroad, about a mile east of Dexter, burned to the ground Saturday night about 8 o'clock. The direct cause of the fire is not known. It was at the time in charge of Claude Miller, who was taking the place of John Clark, the regular engineer. The loss on building is about \$1,000, and besides two engines were partially destroyed. In close proximity were two large tanks filled with gasoline, but fortunately they did not explode.

Chas. W. Bradrick, a director of the Philippine constabulary, has written to Supt. Slauson of the Ann Arbor high school, asking for information and announcing his intention of entering the institution. Bradrick, who is 24 years old, has served eight years in the navy and the Philippine service and now desires to obtain an education. He expects to enter the university in 1910. In his present position he has an income of \$1,800.

The annual hunt was pulled off at Manchester last week by citizens of the village, for a supper at Crow's hotel. There were forty participants, twenty on a side, the losing twenty to pay for the supper. W. Slout and Geo. Crow chose sides. Crow's winning by 6,200 majority. The hunt was for sparrows, chipmunks, blackbirds, crows, hawks and cranes, counting from 25 to 200. The highest count was brought in by Ed. Brawn and Al. Hough, they having over 30,000 counts.

CHURCH CIRCLES

ST. PAUL'S.
Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor
There will be no services next Sunday owing to the absence of the pastor who will attend a mission festival in Detroit.

CONGREGATIONAL.
Rev. M. L. Grant, Pastor
The Annual Harvest Home service will occur Sunday morning. Special music will be furnished by the chorus choir. Sermon subject, "The Ideal Farmer." Evening topic, "From What Does Christ Save?"

BAPTIST
Rev. G. A. Chittenden, Pastor.
Preaching morning and evening by the pastor. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11:15. B. Y. P. U. at 6 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. "The spirit and the bride say, come."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
The Christian Science Society will meet in the G. A. R. hall at the usual hour next Sunday, October 18, 1908. Subject: Doctrine of Atonement. Golden text: "And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Revelation, 5:9.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH,
NEAR FRANKLIN
Rev. J. E. Deal, Pastor.

The monthly Epworth League meeting will take place at the church on Friday evening, October 16th. This is an important meeting and it is desired that all members as well as all friends be present.

The first quarterly communion service is to be held on Sunday, October 18th. Preparatory services will be conducted Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Jacob Braun, of Ann Arbor, will be present to officiate at these services. At this time Rev. Braun will hold the annual church extension collection. The evening sermon will be delivered by the pastor.

The annual Sunday school and Rally Day will be observed on Sunday, October 25th. The services will begin at 10 o'clock a. m. To all these services you are cordially welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL
Rev. D. H. Glass, Pastor.

Both the Sunday school and preaching service will commence at 10 o'clock and close at 11:30. Provision is made for the care of small children and babies during the preaching service, in this way relieving parents of all care.

Morning subject, "Mormons and Mormonism" The pastor visited Salt Lake City for the purpose of studying the Mormons in their own country.

In the evening the first of a series of sermons on present day vital questions will be given. Subject, "Has the Bible lost its authority, or is it still to be considered as the word of God?" These discussions are intended especially for men who have opinions about them.

The question for discussion in the men's class is "The Duties of Employers and Employees." Matt 20:1-16 and 24:45-51.

Prayer meeting this (Thursday) evening at seven o'clock, and the election of Epworth League officers at eight o'clock.

DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
The oldest, yet most modern, business school in the state, invites you to write for its new Catalogue. Address R. J. Bennett, C. P. A., Principal, 15 Wilcox street, Detroit, Michigan.

WANT COLUMN
RENTS, REAL ESTATE, FOUND LOST WANTED ETC.

WATERLOO MILLS.—I am prepared to do buckwheat grinding and cob crushing every week day. Jacob Rammel, Waterloo, Mich. 13

COAL STOVE FOR SALE.—Art Garland, No. 56. In good condition. M. A. Shaver, Chelsea. 11

FOR RENT.—House on McKinley street. Inquire of F. L. Davidson. 10

FOR SALE.—Eight-Roll McCormick corn husker and shredder in good condition. Ashley Holden, R. F. D. No. 1, Chelsea. 10

FOR SALE.—16 shotguns. Inquire of S. L. Leach, Chelsea, r. f. d. 4. 10

FOR SALE.—Ten rams and 15 ewes of the Improved Black Tops. For particulars inquire of Homer H. Boyd, Sylvan Center, postoffice Chelsea, R. F. D. 1. Bell phone. 11

FOR SALE.—Shropshire rams. E. W. Daniels, North Lake. R. F. D. 2, Gregory, Mich. 61r

FOR SALE.—Twenty registered Black Top Ewes; also a few rams. Inquire of Geo. E. Haist, Chelsea, R. F. D. 2 11

GOOD FARMERS WANTED.—Free homes, fine climate and soil—plenty of rain. Write or see F. M. Kilbourn, Roy, New Mexico. 14

Mo-Ka
No better Coffee sold on Earth for the Price "20¢ THE POUND"
Sales on Mo-Ka have increased almost 400% FROM 1905 TO 1908.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR Mo-Ka COFFEE!
SOLD ONLY IN 1 LB. SEALED PACKAGES

Lumber, Lath, Shingles and Fence Posts
From MILL Direct to YOU. Write for Prices.
South Side Lumber Company, Traverse City, Mich.
J. O. CROTHER, Receiver.

Congressman Charles E. Townsend



Mr. Townsend is the Republican nominee for Congress from the Second District. He has made an enviable record during his three terms in the National House of Representatives at Washington and is certainly deserving of a big majority at the election November 3. In Congress he has always been one of President Roosevelt's staunchest supporters and has in numerous instances been in direct charge of the President's measures before that body.

CARL STORM
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY. (COUNTY ANWALT)

I graduated in the University; have practiced law ten years, and have never held office. If elected, I will give the county an absolutely clean, honest and impartial administration. Remember me, and give me your vote.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A Library in One Book
Besides an accurate, practical, and scholarly vocabulary of English, enlarged with 25,000 NEW WORDS, the International contains a History of the English Language, Guide to Pronunciation, Dictionary of Fiction, New Gazetteer of the World, New Biographical Dictionary, Vocabulary of Scripture Names, Greek and Latin Names, and English Christian Names, Foreign Quotations, Abbreviations, Metric System, Etc. 2200 Pages, 5000 Illustrations.
SHOULD YOU NOT OWN SUCH A BOOK?
WEBSTER'S COLLEGE DICTIONARY, Lists of our abbreviations, Rhetoric and Table of Contents, 112 Pages, 100 Illustrations. Write for "Dictionary Webster's".
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass. GET THE BEST.

SCENE FROM "THE WOLF"
New Whitney Theater, Ann Arbor, Wednesday, October 21.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers & Merchants Bank

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business, Sept. 24, 1908, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 15,841 40
Bonds, mortgages and securities	29,357 74
Expenses paid	657 00
Banking house	2,900 00
Furniture and fixtures	931 17
Due from banks in reserve cities	18,469 65
Exchanges for clearing house	2,500 00
U. S. and National bank currency	2,683 00
Gold coin	1,730 00
Silver coin	534 55
Nickels and cents	103 58
Checks, and other cash items	26,010 78
Total	\$ 75,998 13

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$ 21,450 00
Commercial deposits	\$ 21,256 03
Savings deposits	22,622 10
Savings certificates	10,040 00
Total	\$ 75,368 13

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.
I, P. G. Schable, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
P. G. SCHABLE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of Sept., 1908.
My commission expires March 30, 1911.
A. W. WILKINSON, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
J. F. WALTROUS,
JNO. FARRELL,
O. C. BURKHART,
Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business, Sept. 24, 1908, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 87,024 19
Bonds, mortgages and securities	317,431 82
Premiums paid on bonds	787 36
Overdrafts	6,553 02
Banking house	15,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	5,150 40
Other real estate	400 00
Due from other banks and bankers	125 00
Items in transit	125 00
U. S. bonds	2,500 00
Due from banks in reserve cities	49,364 36
U. S. and National bank currency	8,892 00
Gold coin	17,235 00
Silver coin	928 80
Nickels and cents	170 92
Checks, and other cash items	230 32
Total	\$541,794 73

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$ 40,000 00
Surplus fund	15,000 00
Undivided profits, net	10,194 16
Dividends unpaid	—
Commercial deposits	77,189 13
Certificates of deposit	19,058 70
Certified checks	475 00
Savings deposits	329,638 73
Savings certificates	50,217 07
Total	\$541,794 73

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.
I, Geo. A. BeGole, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Geo. A. BeGole, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28 day of Sept., 1908.
My commission expires Feb. 5, 1911.
H. D. WITHERELL, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
CHARLES H. KEMPF,
C. KLEIN,
H. S. HOLMES,
Directors.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A Library in One Book
Besides an accurate, practical, and scholarly vocabulary of English, enlarged with 25,000 NEW WORDS, the International contains a History of the English Language, Guide to Pronunciation, Dictionary of Fiction, New Gazetteer of the World, New Biographical Dictionary, Vocabulary of Scripture Names, Greek and Latin Names, and English Christian Names, Foreign Quotations, Abbreviations, Metric System, Etc. 2200 Pages, 5000 Illustrations.
SHOULD YOU NOT OWN SUCH A BOOK?
WEBSTER'S COLLEGE DICTIONARY, Lists of our abbreviations, Rhetoric and Table of Contents, 112 Pages, 100 Illustrations. Write for "Dictionary Webster's".
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass. GET THE BEST.

The Standard want ads brings results Try them.